THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXX.—No. 1561

NOVEMBER 15, 1933

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The BYSTANDER

SPORT STAGE GOLF GOSSIP

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The Bystander, November 15, 1933

No. 1561. Vol. CXX.

The BYSTANDER

Rochelle Hudson

A Screen Star Observed on the Horizon

Rochelle Hudson is a dark-haired beauty who has been working for Fox Films. Though only eighteen, she plays the part of a bold, bad woman of the world in "Walls of Gold," her latest picture. She first made a name for herself in the Will Rogers film, "Dr. Bull"

BLAIR-ATHOLL TO BOW STREET

The Duke of Atholl photographed at Blair Castle, Perthshire, just before he came back to London. He appeared at Bow Street yesterday to answer the summons that was served on him in connection with his Fund

CHARITY DANCING IN CHESHIRE

Mr. H. R. Todd, the Master of the Royal Rock Beagles, Mr. G. V. Churston, Miss Churston, Miss G. Robins, Miss W. Robins, and Mr. Hendry at a dance in aid of the Christie Hospital and Holt Radium Institute which was held at Eaton Hall, the Duke of Westminster's place

GOOD-BYE TO CUB-HUNTING

At last the preliminaries get down to the serious cub-hunting meet of the of Gloucester was out; he

UP THE REVELS!

At the top are Sir Hugh Dawson, Miss Bunty Watts, Lady Dawson, Louise, Lady Dawson, Col. Ralph Micklem, Mrs. Ralph Micklem and Mr. Arthur Leveson at the St. Andrew's Revels in aid of the Royal Free Hospital; the party was at the Café de Paris, which was even fuller than usual

In the lower photograph are some more "revellers" at the Café de Paris; they include Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones, Lady Lever, Mr. John Smiley,' Miss Vivian Parker, Lady Russell of Liverpool, Capt. Booth, Miss Joan Eyres-Monsell, the Hon. Andrew Vanneck, Mr. Denis FitzGerald and the Hon. Patricia Berry

ROUND

Taking a Quick Look at Social World has been Doing,

VENICE DOES ITS CHARITABLE BIT

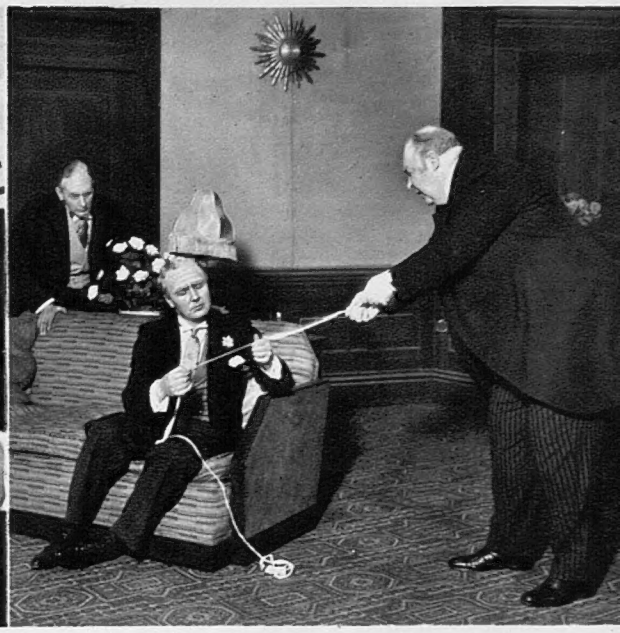
Thinking up new pegs to hang charity balls on adays, when every week in the Little Season as well an event or two of this kind. The Venetian Ball the ex-Services' Welfare Society, was one of last Arthur James, Lady Dunn, and Lady Mary

AND WHAT IS VULGARITY?

are over, and huntin' people can business of the year. At the last Quorn, at Gossington Gorse, the Duke is talking to Mrs. Christobel Birkett

George Robey and Gertrude Lawrence are both, in their different ways, expert eyebrow-raisers at their audiences' vulgar minds—and they both spoke on "Vulgarity" at the last Foyle's Literary Luncheon

GOOD NEWS FROM THE MARKETS



Lord Duncaster (Godfrey Washington), the Prime Minister (John Houlden), and Lord Granton (Edgar Walmisley) get some idea of the state of the oil market from the "tape": a scene from "The Nelson Touch" as played by the Stock Exchange Dramatic and Operatic Society

ABOUT

What the Great Big This is What We See

is almost a specialist's job now-as the Big Season is dated with at Grosvenor House, in aid of week's entertainments, and Mrs. Lygon were there to decorate it

IN A GOOD CAUSE: A PARTY AT WIMBORNE HOUSE

On December 6th, the Royal Choral Society is giving a performance of "The Messiah" at the Albert Hall, in aid of Dr. Malcolm Sargent, the conductor, who has been ill since the early spring. At the committee meeting held at Wimborne House in connection with this were (top, left) Mr. Rex Palmer and Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger (left) Lady Snowdon and Lady Wimborne, and (above) Lady de la Warr, who is addressing the meeting, and Mrs. Deiter

Dialogue by MacSee : Caricatures by Gould

"Murderous Marriages":

Or, What's in a Name? No. 1. Jeanette and Ramsay MacDonald

Ramsay : So we bear the same patr-r-ronymic, lassie ?

Jeanette : You 've said it, big-boy.

Ramsay : MacDonald is a name famous in history.

Jeanette : Sure, there was Flora.

Ramsay : A young per-r-son of whom I cannot cordially approve.

Jeanette : That won't spoil my beauty sleep. I like Royalty, too, though my name's Jeanette.

Ramsay : Your face and voice seem familiar.

Jeanette : But not my manner, I guess. You 've seen me in the talkies ?

Ramsay : Ah, the talkies ! The wonder-r-ful power of speech ! Ah, my fr-r-iends in America, join hands with my fr-r-iends in Br-r-itain. . . . Have you ever heard me ?

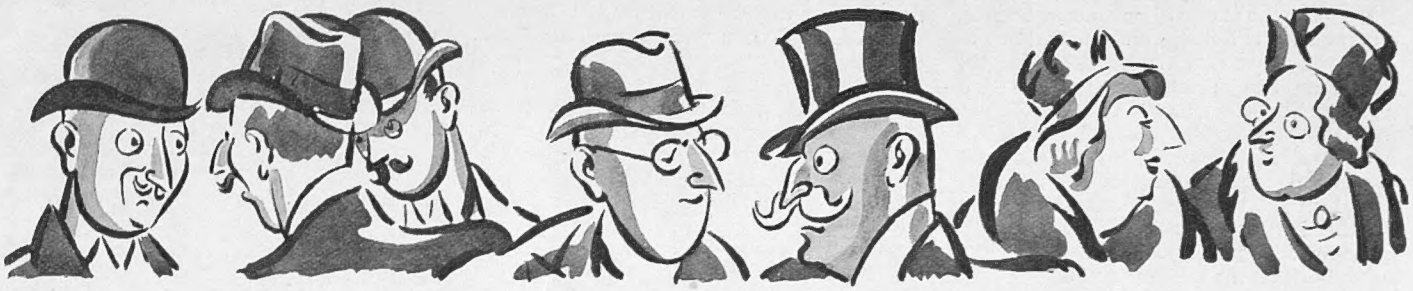
Jeanette : Often, but it 's always in the same key

Ramsay : A key that unlocks all hear-r-ts.

Jeanette : What unlocks all hearts is something different, brother.

Ramsay : Impossible.

Jeanette : For popularity my sex-appeal has your peace-appeal beat to a frazzle. You 'd know it if you used your head for more than a hat-stand. By-bye, big-boy.



Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

We like the Token Payment method of keeping America moderately quiet; and we 're glad to see that the precedent set last June is to be repeated next month. We like it because its application to private life would be a blessing that others would share with us. In America the trick has been done already, and we recall scenes at the J. P. Morgan enquiry in which big banking noises, turned into small squeaks, admitted to having made "token" payments on their income tax, and got away with it. If we were A. P. Herbert, we would at once start a "League of Token Payers," and economists tell us it wouldn't be a bad idea. If we all paid tokens, we 'd be exactly where we were before we started, which 'd be swell for some of us. We 're pleased with Roosevelt, too, but from purely selfish motives, of course. The price of sterling in New York is above par as we write, and as we 're going there very shortly we look forward to paying a penny for five dollars. That 'd be fine. We could, for the first time in our lives, afford to buy a decent theatre seat and to travel west of Chicago and to read the whacking great Sunday papers and to have our shoes shined. We might even buy a car. We would, if we could, buy it on the Token Payment system, like so many visitors to the States do.

The wails of shipping magnates are now becoming so insistent that we rang one up and had a word with him. This is what he tells us, and we, for our part, are glad to believe him. Our magnate friend says that it 's the banks. The banks, he added, now own most British shipping, owing to mortgages and loans, and, being bankers, and not shippers, they don't know what to do. In times of panic or near-panic, the banks foreclosed or demanded repayment when there was no money to pay with, and so took the shipping and sold it to foreign buyers. Our friend says, too, that as banks exist to make money, they took the highest price they could get, whereas it would have been wiser to have allowed ship-breakers to buy at a slightly smaller price and to have removed the ships once and for all. As it is, foreign ships, bought cheaply from British banks, now grab all our trade, and that it 's too bad—but what can you do with people like that? We didn't think such a story would pass muster, so we rang off and called up another shipper, at Liverpool this time, and he told us the same thing; so we had a conference and thought it 'd be fun to tell you, too.

"No cold corners in my house"

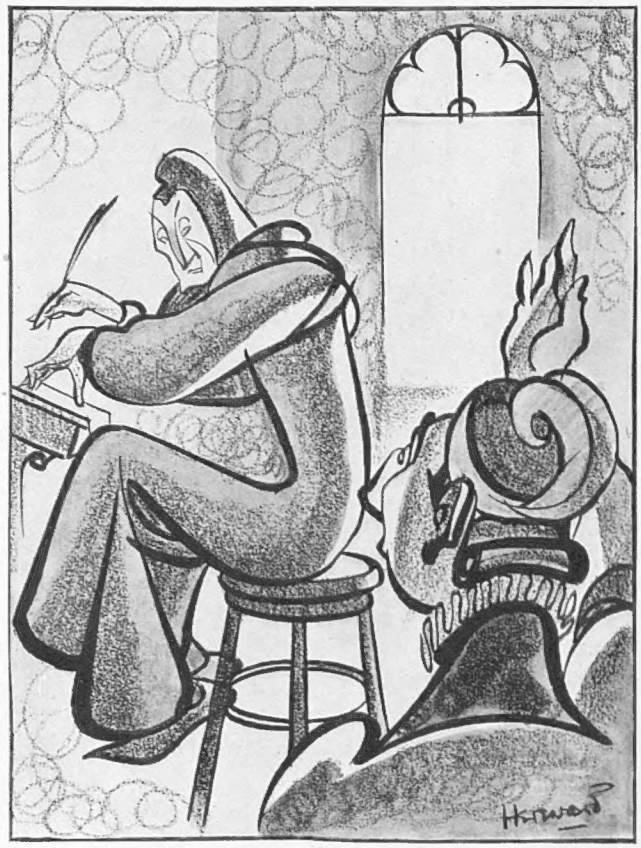
(With apologies to Mr. Therm)

We dined the other day with a man who had been at the luncheon given to the "Big Three"—MacDonald, Baldwin, and Simon—and he tells us that there was considerable betting at his table as to whether the P.M. would make his usual speech or whether he would consider the occasion justified a new one. Our friend was given 4 to 1 on the usual and took it in shillings. He was glad he lost the bet, because he knows the other speech by heart. The occasion, our friend says, was especially favourable to gambling, owing to an earlier sanctioned ballot for places. We say "sanctioned" because a ballot is illegal, and is one of those things about which MacDonald feels pretty strongly. We haven't yet heard how he squared his conscience, but we do know an old friend of his who says that 's no more difficult than squaring the circle. We can't say, never having tried either. We only know that what puzzled a lot of guests was how the boys managed to call Kilmarnock a crashing great victory for National Government, considering that the combined Labour votes were the biggest. We call it a sock in the jaw for Labour, and one that serves them right. We were in Transport House the day the news came in, and we saw some of the longest and sourest faces we ever hope to see.

D

An alienist with a world-wide reputation, who is one of our oldest friends, returned from Leipzig and Berlin two or three days ago, having attended the Reichstag Fire Trial. He tells us that he originally went owing to his certainty that Van der Lubbe was being stupefied in such a way as to make him incapable of answering questions. He attended the trial daily, getting as close an observation on the Dutchman as he could manage, and taking a series of notes both on his reflexes and on his general behaviour. An analysis of his observations has convinced him that he is right and that the unfortunate Van der Lubbe is, in fact, being drugged every day. We asked our friend what the result is going to be, and he says the general opinion is that Torgler will be acquitted and banished, that Dimitroff will probably be "shot while trying to escape," and that Van der Lubbe will be hanged. He tells us, too, that the greater part of the Berlin population is laughing at the whole trial, and that everyone says someone Much More Important is the real culprit. Incidentally, he brings us a new saying, "Roast Beef Nazis," of which there are a great number. They are brown outside and red inside. No, he didn't see Hitler.

Peter Pan is dead. At least, a friend called our attention to a paragraph in the *Times* in which the statement is definitely made, and, so far as we know, it has not yet been contradicted. Peter Pan, it appears, got fed up with Kensington Gardens and went off to Latvia, where he lived near a lake, in which, eventually, he was drowned. He 'd been living in Riga for fifty years. We don't know why he was drowned, but we guess that so many children had been clapping their hands around the place that it got choked with fairies. But we can't say, because we haven't been to Riga for more than twelve years. A friend of ours, on the other hand, swears that he was once driven by a taxi-driver in New York whose name was Peter Panski. We hope he likes it, and we feel sorry for him. We 've known a man called Hook for years who 's a retired captain and edits a magazine in the Middle West, and we once met a girl called Wendy. And once we even met Sir James Barrie himself. He was at a cricket match in a Cotswold village, and we asked him the time. He told us, and we found out later that his watch was wrong.



"Well, Dant', what 's the first canto like?"
"Like Hell!"

Christopher "Good-Night, Sweetheart" Stone has invited me to a mysterious cocktail-party he 's giving: mysterious because he is going to spring a surprise on us in the middle of it, and a cocktail-party because there 'll be cocktails. We can't tell you what the surprise is, because this will appear before the party, but if we know Christopher (and if we didn't, he wouldn't have asked us), the surprise will be worth repeating here at a later date. Christopher Stone has written an autobiography, but we haven't asked him why. We hope he 's said little about us, for we once went and edited a magazine for him, when the real editor had fallen off the top of a bus and stunned himself. The real editor only recovered the week that the paper went bankrupt and one of the proprietors went off to live in Madeira and dry fish for sale to the natives of East Africa. Our knowledge of producing

New Features this Week

The New Humour—

Near relative of the Transatlantic wisecrack, the modern joke-drawing stands mid-way between satire and incongruity. The elimination of the inessential makes it a typical product of an age more speedy than spacious. In this and subsequent issues "Bystander" artists will reflect life from those crazy or satirical angles which give a tang to modern humour.

"Murderous Marriages"—

A series of caricatures by Gould, with an original treatment concerning which a note will be found on page 305.

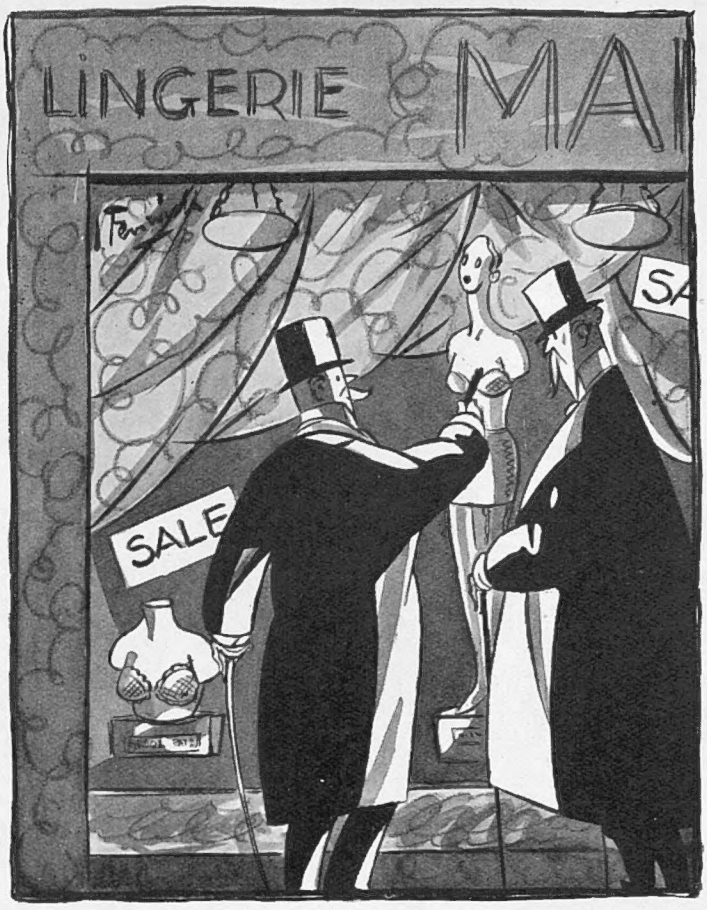
"What's On"—

For those who are in doubt as to what is to be seen, heard or done either after luncheon, dinner, or in the small hours, the list of attractions collected on page D—before the Frontispiece—should prove of value to readers.

Fashion Article—

In addition to the weekly Portfolio of Fashion, Madge Garland will now contribute a weekly commentary on the clothes and accessories she sees in London, together with news and rumours from Paris, and other centres of fashion.

"Oh, no, Moddom. Not in flannel!"



" D' ye remember that little gal we knew in Poona, MacNaughton ? "

papers leads us to advise all those who are thinking of producing papers to go to Madeira and dry fish. If that palls, we understand you can slide down hills on tea-trays. Christopher Stone used to write novels, but we 've never read one. If he gave us one, we dare say we might find time to do something about it.

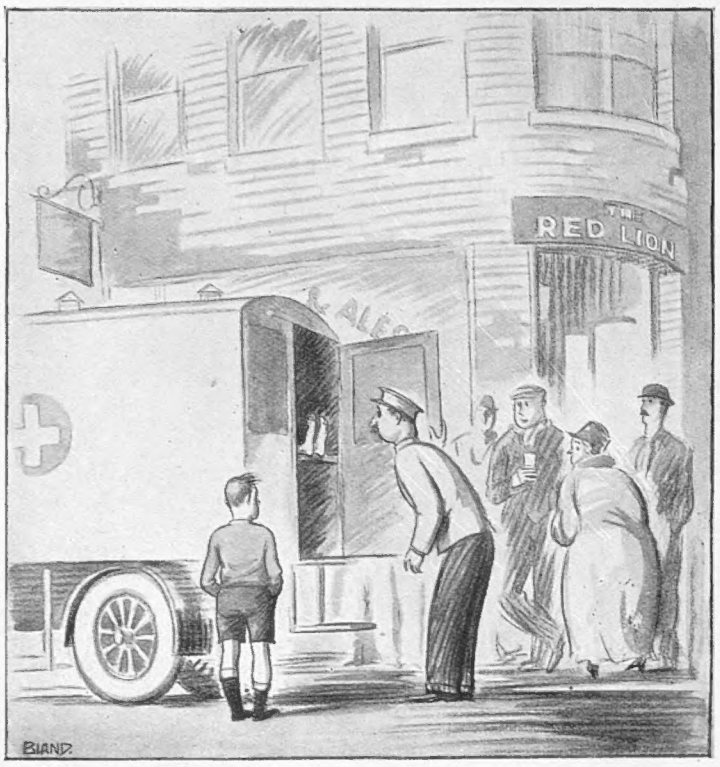
WALKING up Regent Street the other day, we made a resolution to keep our eyes open, friend having told us that we should see a notice over a shop which would amuse us. Three minutes after leaving Piccadilly Circus we spied it, whipped out our little black book, and noted it down then and there. " Wartski, of Llandudno : Precious Stones." The whole thing seemed pretty phoney to us, so we decided to find out why Wartski should have either (*a*) left Llandudno, or (*b*) taken enough pride in his desertion to let us know about the fact. The same evening we met a man at dinner, and when we learned his story we thought it was just too bad, man being a dealer in diamonds. In boom years he was one of the richest New York-London dealers, and still has over three million pounds locked up in diamonds. The last one he sold was four years ago : to-day he ekes out a splendid existence behind the counter of a draper's shop, not one hundred miles from Wartski's jewel emporium. We didn't like to say that we thought that was pretty tough on him, because we didn't. So we let it pass.

A GIRL sitting next us in the Underground last night was reading Gertrude Stein's autobiography. The sight of her drew a yell of pleasure from us, as it suggested that you might be glad to know we once went to a party in Paris given in honour of Gertrude Stein, who has an old Ford car and drives around the town in it. The boys who gave the party had scoured Paris for high-hat composers so as to give the poet a musical party with the latest modern noises. George Antheil, who writes symphonies in which the typewriter takes the place of the more prosaic fiddle, and in which the great, pulsating rhythm (that 's almost the only word we know without a vowel) of new cities is apt to sock real music on the jaw, provided the pièce de résistance. We watched Miss Stein closely, and saw that she resisted pretty well. Eyes other than ours noticed the same bored splendour illuminate the Stein face ; enquired if she liked it, and was told no, could she have " It 's a Long Way to Tipperary " and " Keep the Home Fires Burning " ? She sure could. A man we didn't know (believe it or not) played them, and tears coursed down Miss Stein's cheeks. We liked her for that, but then we 've always had a streak of sentimentality lurking in the secret places of our heart.

WHILE we 're on the subject of Paris and poets, we 'd better continue a while, and tell you of the time when we overslept in Trieste and missed our train home. We rushed down to the station and discovered the station-master walking up and down the platform as though something was depressing him. We asked him when the next train left for Paris. He stopped, looked us up and down, and, of a sudden, a happy smile covered his face. Lifting his right hand, thumb and index-finger joined, he kissed them, waved them in in the air, and in a deep and utterly melodious voice, cried out : " Parigi, cara Parigi ! " and passed on. When we got home we were anxious to repeat an æsthetic rapture such as that, so we asked a porter at Victoria when the next train left for Worthing, but he didn't know. And about poets ? We asked a critic the other day to give us his candid opinion about a certain family we know. His answer was concise and neat : " Two wiseacres and a cow ! "

" Now, look here, you fellows—you 've spoiled the broth ! "

WE don't blame Mrs. " Machine-Gun " Kelly for kidnapping an elderly millionaire. By so doing she 's removed economic worry for the rest of her life, and, despite her prison sentence, is not, so far as we can see, deprived of the comforts of life. If we were in America we might be tempted to do the same racket, provided we were sure the millionaire wasn't such a bore as most of the millionaires we know. A friend in



"French vermouth and gin? Certainly, Sir John"

THESPÆANS

No. 7.—Nervo and Knox

Let haughty, hairy highbrows
Praise budding Pirandellos,
And bleat in unison, like sheep,
Of plays which cause, since they 're so deep,
A sort of Celtic Twilight Sleep,
I 'll rave about those fellows
Who take Dull Care and give it socks—
I speak of Nervo, likewise Knox.

Though mushy, maudlin moanings,
With lots of introspection,
May charm the pseudo-arty ear,
Give ME the "gags" that deal with beer;
The jolly jokes of Wigan Pier
And boarding-house infection;
The spanking slapstick fun that rocks
The "house" when Nervo scraps with Knox.

When business problems haunt you,
And thoughts about Locarno
Rush in to shake your peace of mind,
Don't just sit down and moan or "blind,"
Remember that, when Fate 's unkind
And things aren't up to par, no
Better folk for curing shocks
Exist than Messrs. Nervo, Knox!

B. W.

New York sends us clippings about Mrs. Kelly; and, do you know, we envy her. Most of the clippings are photographs of Mrs. Kelly doing her daily prison round, eating, knitting, reading, and turning over the pages while the Matron plays the piano. Of course, we don't know how well the Matron plays. We once met a kidnapper in Berlin. He bought us a beer and told us he 'd been in the game only so long as was necessary to make a competence. He 'd got out of it early in 1924. We liked him, because he had a swell library and collected first editions of French novels. He only became a kidnapper because times were hard, and he told us he 'd saved all the money he made and had put it in Dutch securities. We liked that. It reminded us of the careful spider who put flies away for araignée day.

For the reason that we admire originality, let us draw attention to the series of caricatures made by our Mr. Gould, a specimen of whose work appears on page 304 in this week's issue. Any ordinary artist is content with pencils of sorts, India ink, and a box of paints to achieve his effects, but not so Mr. Gould. Give him some bits of paper, a pair of scissors, and any oddments lying around (eggs make excellent eyes), and he 'll make a portrait out of the most unpromising material. On the page to which attention has been drawn, you will note that the effect has been obtained with various pieces of paper, some celluloid film, and a bit of chrysanthemum flower. These are built up to secure the desired effect, and then Mr. Gould brings out his camera, photographs the whole contraption, and sends along a print to the Editor of The Bystander, who says, "Thank you very much; I like that." We hope you will, too.

The Bystanders.

"Would you like to leave your things in the cloak-room?"

BY FRANK FORD

"—and the Little Bear Said, '*Who's* Been Eating *My* Porridge?"

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Sketches by Rouson

"Ladies' Night" (Aldwych)

THE culprits of this farce—the four authors and the two producers—are such old hands at the game that I suppose that accounts for the omission of none of the elementals. Some tenderfoot might have hit on the idea of having a Second Act without doors, or some nonsense of that sort. You can trust experience, playing strictly to the rules, not to let that kind of high-hat stuff get by. Act Two is always the scene of illicit nocturnal revelry on the part of several husbands (three is the authorised number) pursued by their wives. Bearing that in mind, Messrs. Avery Hopwood, Charlton Andrews, Austin Melford, and Douglas Furber have chosen, between them, as pretty a locale as whoopee and deception could devise. This is the Turkish Baths of the Ritz-Berkeley Hotel on Ladies' Night. If that conjures up visions of shapely ladies in and out of bath-towels, you 'll not be disappointed. Far from it. Quite often the form of Venus is gracefully silhouetted on a glass door marked "Steam Room." Scantily-clad sirens prepare for massage on white-draped divans. One of the five doors leads to a swimming-bath. Everything, in fact, is nicely set for the male revellers to burst in and see life in the raw. Things are so well arranged that the Turkish Baths of the Ritz-Berkeley Hotel are only divided from the Blue Parrot Night Club by a French window. These farce-authors think of everything.

When raffish husbands sneak off to haunts of naughtiness like the Blue Parrot, they always go in fancy dress, and the place always gets raided. That lets in, without more ado, Messrs. Sydney Howard, Austin Melford and Jack Hobbs. Mr. Howard comes first, in Turkish trousers and a black wig, so as to be all ready for a quick change into a Spanish duenna. No author in his senses would think of getting our Syd into the women's quarters without dressing him up as a matron; and after that scene with Leslie Henson in *It 's a Girl*, you can't wonder. Mr. Melford's contribution to the screams and confusion is to lie face downwards on a divan and receive, in the only possible quarter, an "electric dimple" from a hand-drill operated by a masseuse with adenoids. I made sure, when the ladies (Maidie Hope, Olwen Roose, and Jane Welsh) began discussing just where they 'd like this treatment, that Mr. Howard would be the one to get it. And I knew where. So I can truthfully say that, for me, this Second Act had a distinct element of surprise.

When the husbands and wives got back home in each other's clothes somewhere about ten-thirty (stalls' time), it seemed as if the authors had said their piece. Wrong again. The butler, wearing a dickey over blue

"Gay Divorce" at the Palace

Just a dance at breakfast to celebrate the two co-respondents' night in the beautiful lady's bedroom and the consequent possibility of divorce. Mimi (Claire Luce), Guy Holden (Fred Astaire), and the professional co-respondent, Tonetti (Erik Rhodes)

The Inventor from Yorkshire (Sydney Howard) shuts his eyes too tightly and collides with "Queen Kong," the instructress (Brenda Lawless), and finds the Turkish bath too hot to hold him

pyjamas, pushed forward a costumier's basket and on came the trio suitably camouflaged as policemen. Mr. Howard is a grand comic policeman, and I couldn't find anything to choose between his black moustache and that worn by co-producer Leslie Henson when disguised as a beach-attendant a few yards down the street.

If you are a Howard fan, as I am, this farce, despite its mechanically mediocre moments, will serve its purpose. Only the Pride of Oswaldswhistle should not be called upon to rush in and out of doors. Those hesitant feet and circumlocutory hands should remain stationary, and leave the hurly-burly to the accomplices.

"Gay Divorce" (Palace)

HALF the Astaires are better than none, and when Brother Fred, quite a good comedian now, began to turn his legs into electric scissors and dance like some kind of possessed faun, it seemed positively criminal to me that we hadn't seen him in Shaftesbury Avenue for five whole years. There must be something all wrong with the Exchange. Perhaps they've been holding him back against the Token payment in December.

Take away Fred's dancing and Cole Porter's numbers (including "Night and Day," with which the dance bands had already stolen an unkindly march on the composer), and there's precious little I care to remember about this story of a novelist who got mixed up in a hotel with the girl he loved at first sight and the paid co-respondent his friend had hired to get the lady a divorce. Most of the time I just sat as patiently as I knew how, waiting for Fred Astaire to dance again. But nobody would let him. Diversions, like Claude Allister's monocle, Joan Gardner's shapely legs, Eric Blore's philosophical ramblings (as a waiter hovering between Bernard Shaw and Ronnie Squire), and Olive Blakeney's spate of wise-cracks, kept getting in the way. No one can sling a wise-crack better and crisper than Miss Blakeney, but that, as time wore on, was no consolation. Fred danced two-and-a-half times; no more, I'll swear. And if you don't join me in a loud cry of "Shame!" I'll be surprised. Five taps and a twiddle from those fantastic feet are worth fifty minutes of Smarty Alec talk about collusive pyjamas and innocent adultery.

Churlish as I feel about the author's belief that a musical comedy and a play with tunes are the same thing, I'm bound to hand him a bouquet for a pretty mixture of unexpected wit and musical burlesque. It was a nice twist to make the Italian professional co-respondent (Erik Rhodes) sing down the telephone an affectionate aria to his wife and bambina in Putney.

To dance with an Astaire and survive the partnership with honour is a tall order. But not for Claire Luce, who is not only an admirable dancer, but a beautiful blonde and an actress of talent.

TRINCULO.

"Ladies' Night" (Aldwych)

The masseuse at the Turkish Baths (Neva Carr-Glyn) finds an unwilling client in Fred Bonner-Bonner (Austin Melford), who gets an "electric dimple" he could well do without

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 24

Capt. William Ogden

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

It is just as well for Mayfair that Captain William Ogden is more discreet than any banker. He holds the secrets of countless great mansions and small, luxurious flats. Whether it is an engagement or a divorce, he is likely to have tangible knowledge of it long before the gossip-writers. In the oak-panelled private rooms over his offices in King Street, St. James's, it has happened that time and again husbands and wives and sweeties have been waiting to see him simultaneously, but without knowing of the others' presence. It was after the war that he decided to specialise in fine jewels in London, his father being one of the greatest authorities in the world. To-day he holds a pre-eminent position in the jewellery business. Since then, directly or indirectly, he has had a hand in the sale and purchase of almost every important gem in the country. "Important" is a word which continually creeps into his conversation. He does not say that a particularly fine emerald is "lovely" or "wonderful" or "marvellous." It is "important." Five-foot-nine in height, Captain Ogden has black hair, parted in the middle, very penetrating dark-brown eyes and beautiful hands. When he is doing business he has a habit of leaning against the mantelpiece with his head resting against his right hand, which is half-raised to support it.

In private life he is one of the half-dozen cleverest amateur magicians in the country. That is why he never dares play contract or poker. He is so afraid that he will deal himself thirteen of a suit or a royal straight flush.

Another of his hobbies is collecting Toby jugs. He possesses over two hundred. He also has a private collection of rarities, such as Napoleon's snuff-box, which he would never dream of selling. Among the important pieces which have passed, or are passing now, through his hands are Queen Isabella of Spain's black pearls and the emerald necklet of the Empress Eugénie. A few years ago he had first sight of the Russian crown jewels.

Altogether, four attempts have been made to burgle him. Each was unsuccessful. The worst moment in his life was when a message came to him at the Grange, Harpenden, his place in the country, that his premises in King Street were on fire. His wife was giving a dance, and for three hours he had to make himself charming to his guests while waiting for further news. Fortunately, the fire was put out without much damage being done. On another occasion a large man with a ginger beard, a huge astrachan coat and a Rolls-Royce came into his offices, chose a twenty-thousand-pound necklace and asked Captain Ogden to accompany him to Hampstead with it. He said he wanted to show it to someone. Captain Ogden cautiously made excuses, and said he preferred that the other person should come to him. The rather sinister-looking stranger laughed, and five minutes later Captain Ogden discovered it was the multi-millionaire, the late Sir Robert Houston.

What else can I tell you about him? Well, he was born at Harrogate. His son is at Harrow. He himself was mentioned in despatches, and has spent twenty-two years in the Territorials. He has owned more Bentleys than anyone else alive. His offices are hung with Old Masters and lined with coats of armour. His clients include at least a dozen Royalties and two kings. And his motto is *Omnia præclara rara*.

BY GOETZ

"Anyone care to come over and make a fourth at bridge?"

BY AUDREY WYNNE

"After all, Walter, you didn't HAVE to come as Napoleon"

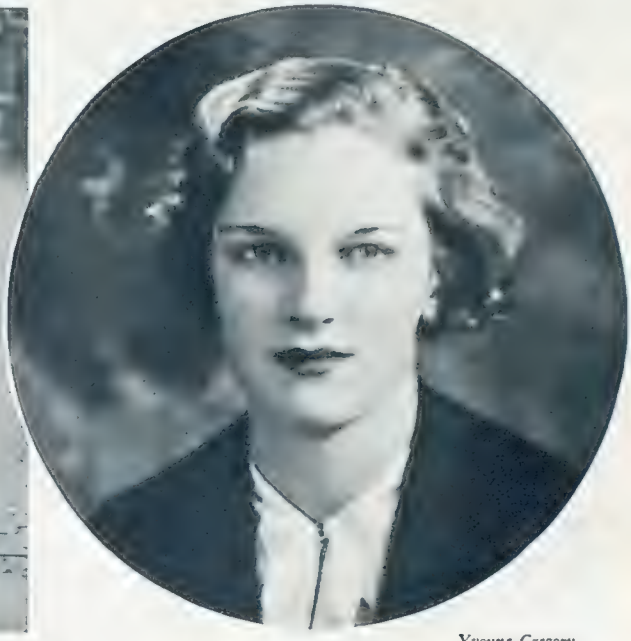
Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

First Come First Served

Mr. W. McKeag and Col. Mayhew, the first two M.P.s to arrive at the House after an all-night vigil, greeting the policeman on duty as they took a morning walk



Yvonne Gregory

Miss Diana Betterton

Elder daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Betterton, Bt., M.P., Minister of Labour

THE House is depressed. The third year in the life of any Government is always a testing time. The exuberance of victory has died away, while the next General Election seems uncomfortably too near to get through all those measures one has set one's heart on for one's own constituents. The Government Party begins to be divided against itself. The Ministers can only see their record through rose-coloured spectacles. They will hear no evil of themselves. No word of dissatisfaction reaches them; they cannot understand how they can lose a by-election; the General Election seems a foregone conclusion. If any of their own Party oppose them they are at once put down as intriguers or cranks or disappointed office-seekers. So fatally easy is it to be satisfied with one's self!

EAST FULHAM started the trouble this time; the Municipal Elections were almost a knock-out blow. Kilmarnock may have afforded some satisfaction to the Prime Minister personally; but apart from his pleasure at having in the House a splendid representative of the new Socialist intelligentsia, the result must have disappointed him.

SOME of the young men from the North are not feeling too happy about their prospects at the next election. They cannot fight under the old Party flag: they realise that. None of them would have even a dog's chance, standing as a Conservative. But with a National ticket, if the Liberals oppose them, their chances are poor. Take Durham, for instance. A Liberal helped Colonel Headlam to lose Barnard Castle in 1929. In 1931, in a straight fight against the Socialists, he won the seat back by 2000. What of the Liberal Nationalist, Mr. Curry, who defeated Mr. Dalton by 1000 in Bishop Auckland? What of Mr. Martin, who turned Mr. Whiteley out of Blaydon by 500? They are three excellent Members, but what hope is there for any of them as things are at the moment?

THE Extremists on both sides are getting busy. The Diehards, escaped somehow from the Churchillian octopus, are pushing on, with Lord Lloyd coming more and more into the open as challenger for the Tory leadership. He is collecting the young men while he consults with the old. Ministerial circles dismiss him as a Caballist; but if this is the only retort they propose making to him, they are storing up trouble for themselves in the hereafter! Then there is Sir Stafford Cripps, stopping short of nothing; desperately anxious to preserve his rôle of Egalité, and plunging from indiscretion to indiscretion to do so. He sees himself as another Cromwell already.

THERE is some wonder whether Mr. MacDonald will fight Seaham again. If he doesn't, what does he mean to do with himself? If he does, couldn't he have spared one of his holidays from Lossiemouth or Cooden for his constituency? Our leaders are no example to the rank and file.

I DON'T really know why the by-election losses should so have upset the Government Front Bench. They can't expect to win every by-election, surely? But the extraordinary result has been that some of them have begun to rave against Democracy! And the Back-Benchers who are trying to down the Cripps propaganda are faced with the unedifying and mystifying spectacle of a demand for a Dictatorship from their own men. By-elections are popularly supposed to signify nothing. But they are straws in the wind.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN is making a big bid for popularity with his next Budget. Not only the Government's reputation, but probably his own whole future depends on it. The indications seem to be that he will be able to take 6d. off the Income Tax and restore the Economy Cuts. That would be in the best traditions of Birmingham policy, and if it proved successful Mr. Chamberlain's stock would be very high with the country, and the Party. They are quick to respond, and his chances then of gathering around him the body of supporters which at present he lacks would be considerable.

THE first week of Parliament passed off exactly as everyone knew it would. There was the Star Debate on Disarmament, when all the pundits said exactly what we knew they were going to say; but, overshadowing everything else, was the publication of the Unemployment Insurance Bill.

THE Session comes to an end on Friday, and we don't return till the Tuesday, when the new Session opens. We shall get the King's Speech, with all the Government's good intentions. I hear of one big surprise that may be squeezed in—and then, if we can, we shall set about the hard work. But the long holiday has not done the House any good.

ONE thing is quite certain. The present House of Commons does not contain the future leader of England. That 's a description conjuring up the kind of monstrosity the Popular Press is always looking for. This House was returned in 1931. Had there been a Pitt or a Peel, a Gladstone or a Disraeli, or another F.E., by this time he would assuredly have made his mark. The frequent complaint of the young men is that there are too many of them; that the Government majority is too big; that they haven't a chance. Who has ever heard of a man who had faith and belief in himself saying that he couldn't get on because he had too many rivals? It is a pity that Lord Dufferin is a peer. He has more of the makings of a statesman than any of them.

THE next election will be vital for this country and for the world. The next election will probably throw up the man whom we have all been waiting for. The products of past generations have done their business and done it well, but the future leader, whoever he may be, will be the product of the modern age. The Old Brigade are bound by precedent and the traditions in which they were nurtured. They have inoculated their followers with the same microbe. The Duff-Coopers and Elliots, the Stanleys and the Boothbys, have had their opportunity and they 've neglected it. They've chosen to play Follow My Leader.

Katharine Hepburn is the first of the three "youngest players" who, as our film critic points out, give the best film performances of the day. Her film is "Morning Glory," at the Coliseum

And the third is the German boy, Hans Fehrer, the youngest of the trio, who appeared in "Hunted People"

Here is the second of the youthful trio—Robert Lynen, who gives such a tragically perfect performance in the French film, "Poil de Carotte," which has been running at the Rialto

The Passing Picture Show

By Sydney Tremayne

THE three best performances in current films happen to be given by the three youngest players. There is Katharine Hepburn, in *Morning Glory*, the little German boy, Hans Feher, in the queer, exciting *Hunted People*, and eleven-year-old Robert Lynen, who has the most arduous rôle of the lot, in *Poil de Carotte*. I say that these youthful actors "happen" to be the best, but I do not think it is accidental. I believe that acting for the screen is most successful when it is most naturalistic, and that is why a child or a "born" actress may startle one to exclamation, after a course of stagey, studied performances.

"*Poil de Carotte*"

THIS film is interesting. It shows the French love of detailed domesticity, and their capacity for imbuing seemingly ordinary people and situations with sinister meaning. The story is built up, bit by bit, by means of showing the characters and their inter-relationship. There is the terrible mother, grim, mean, hypocritical, harsh to her servants, dominating her husband, doting on a treacherous elder son, bullying the little, puny youngest boy. This is the "Redhead" of the title, and it is about him that the story revolves. He is, at first, just an ordinary, gay, rather mischievous little boy, grubby and tousle-headed. Gradually his spirit is broken by constant bullying and misunderstanding until he reaches the point of despair, so terrible in childhood, when he attempts suicide by hanging. This is a good deal to ask a small boy to express with conviction. Robert Lynen does so frighteningly well.

The part of the mother seems over-drawn. It is incredible that a woman could so hate and torment her own child, and the explanation—that he was born too late, after his father and mother ceased to care for one another—is hardly adequate. But the film remains an interesting example of French cinema work and a triumph for its young star.

"*Bed of Roses*"

ONE'S appreciation of a picture like this is accentuated by such enormities as *Bed of Roses*, the latest vehicle for Constance Bennett. When she was little known, she was quite a good actress, and she still plays well within certain limitations, but one wonders how a star of her magnitude can allow herself to be exploited in such a shoddy picture.

We are getting used to screen plays which open in penitentiaries, maternity homes, and reformatories. *Bed of Roses* adopts the new technique. Constance Bennett emerges from the reformatory determined to exploit men for her own preferment. The rest of the picture is the sordid exposition of her execution of this plan, which includes pick-pocketing, burglary and blackmail, till she attains her "Bed of Roses." With utter inconsistency, she then decides to abandon it, and to return to Dan, the bargee. True, this part is played by Joel McCrea, but even so, those beds of roses are very habit-forming!

"*One Man's Journey*"

AT last Lionel Barrymore has been allowed to escape from his ubiquitous family and play a star rôle in *One Man's Journey*. The part of Eli Watt, a quixotic country doctor, suits him thoroughly well and admirers of this actor should not miss the picture. Personally, I am opposed to his theatrical methods and embarrassed by his lack of reticence; also, I am bored by films all about one man who is so "splendid" that he sacrifices himself for everyone else and is always right. Pretty Dorothy Jordan is in the cast, and Joel McCrea is the son whose success as a doctor is dearer to Eli than his own. Two children act well.

"*S.O.S. Iceberg*"

THIS film is well attended at the Marble Arch Pavilion. The name of Dr. Arnold Fanck, who made the marvellous *White Hell of Pitz Palu*, is a guarantee of spectacular snowscapes. The picture was made in Greenland, and Leni Riefenstahl, who directed and starred in *The Blue Light*, is in the cast. But she is entirely wasted. In fact, the human element and attempt to graft a story only spoils the scenery.

Futures

"COMING attractions" include *I'm No Angel*, with which the redoubtable Mae West has excited America to madness, and a new Chevalier picture provocatively entitled *The Way to Love*. His new leading-lady is Ann Dvorak, who must have charm, because she gets these good parts and critics praise her, but who seems to me just a rather plain and slightly tiresome young woman. That excellent English actor, Edward Everett Horton, who was so invaluable in the affair of *Monsieur Bébé*, is again with Chevalier in *The Way to Love*.

Chromatic Pyrotechnics!

Actually, it was a Firework Display at Tickerage Mill

Below are Mr. and Mrs. Simon Orde at Tickerage Mill, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wyndham's house in Sussex, where Unit One gave a grand Guy Fawkes Day party for themselves, and for their neighbours from all around

Help, help, for the Guy and his Girl-friend!

The Guy—just like him!—couldn't raise a finger to save his lady from the flames, but an amateur fire-brigade arrived in time. The lady screeching for help is Mr. Tristram Hillier, who was one of the "assistants" to Mr. Richard Wyndham and the Hon. David Tennant in letting off the fireworks

Mr. and Mrs. Simon Orde

It's All a Matter of Timing

Mr. Richard Wyndham, the Hon. David Tennant and Mr. Robin Mount trying to let five rockets off simultaneously with matches instead of port-fires. Apart from the port-fire shortage, a feature of firework displays usually caused by someone making too sure of having enough for himself, the programme at Tickerage Mill was a very high-class one and included some worthy set-pieces

Left: Mr. Edward Wadsworth, whose exhibition at the Mayor Gallery opened yesterday, Mrs. Richard Wyndham, the hostess, and Mr. Henry Moore, who has been giving an exhibition of his sculpture at the Leicester Galleries

Photographs by Swaebe

Music (and all That)

Too Much of Some Good Things

By "Melos"

A LITTLE time ago I suggested, when plans were made public of a record number of large-scale orchestral concerts for the autumn season, that we were in for too much of a good thing. I do not get much satisfaction out of gloomy prophecies coming true. But all has happened that it was obvious to anyone with some slight knowledge of the extent of the London musical public and of what they can, or will, stand, *would* inevitably happen.

When Sir Thomas Beecham, with an attractive programme and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, which he has made equal to any in the world, cannot manage to fill the Queen's Hall, what hope is there for other British conductors and other British orchestras? I trust there is no invidious comparison in suggesting that the London Symphony Orchestra's concert, which followed this one, four nights later, attracted no larger audience than could have been expected. Sir Hamilton Harty, fine conductor though he is, is not such a draw as Sir Thomas; and the programme did not amount to very much, except that it included the "Eroica" symphony, which we had just heard played rather better.

THAT leads me to the second hint—the first being that these large-scale concerts must be cut down to at least one half if they are not to cut each other's throats. Cannot the various conductors, impresarios, and notabilities generally establish a sort of musical "clearing-house" in the matter of programmes? This is done in the theatrical world to prevent first-night clashes, though these do occasionally occur.

Hence we have one Beethoven symphony played twice in one week, with eight others remaining unplayed. The first and the eighth I have not heard for a long time, though the seventh seems to have taken the place of the fifth—at one time played almost to death. Could there not, too, be some mutual agreement by which certain pieces of music could be given a complete rest over a period of years? Here is a list which might with advantage be rested:

Tchaikowsky's B flat minor piano concerto.
Rachmaninoff's C minor piano concerto.
The better-known Wagnerian tit-bits (headed by "The Ride of the Valkyries" and "The Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla").
The "Casse Noisette" suite.
Handel's "Largo."
Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony.
The Schumann piano concerto.
Brahms's Hungarian Dances.
Dvorak's "New World" symphony.
The Brahms violin concerto.
Russian Ballet transcriptions.

THIS is not meant as an attack on this music. All of it is worthy, and the list contains some genuine masterpieces. But one can have too much even of a masterpiece. And I would venture to point out that Rachmaninoff has written three other concertos in addition to the No. 2 in C minor, though one would not think so; that the "New World" is not Dvorak's only symphony, nor his best; that it was about time Schubert's "Unfinished" was finished with (at any rate, temporarily), and that his symphony in C is much finer; and that we have heard quite enough Russian ballet music during the recent and most successful Alhambra season, which is to be repeated early next year, to last us, without wishing to find it sprawling into concert programmes.

Harold Holt

Gregor Piatigorsky

the famous Russian 'cellist, who recently gave his first recital in London at Wigmore Hall. He has made a great reputation for himself in America and will be touring with Tetrazzini in the International Celebrity Concerts

THE orchestra of the Russian Ballet sounded very, very tired the last few occasions I heard them at the Alhambra. There was some excuse for them, since they had been hard at it for months, including a record heat-wave. But their conductor, M. Efrem Kurtz, was also at fault. No doubt he, too, was tired. Yet deficiency in rhythmic sense—a strange deficiency in a ballet conductor—was obvious quite early in the season, and he seemed rarely to look at the dancers, which must have been rather awkward for them.

In some ballets the dancers, rather than M. Kurtz, conducted; particularly was this so in the case of the dances from *Prince Igor*. Those dances, which, when played with the curtain down, seemed feeble, formless and jejeune. The moment the curtain rose and the male dancers, with their perfect sense of rhythm, started leaping about, the orchestra really started to play and the whole thing became electrified. When the ballet returns to London from New York, M. Kurtz should certainly have an assistant to give him occasional respite.

THE case of Gigli—now acclaimed the world's greatest tenor, a description I would not dream of disputing—is rather odd. His concert packed the vast Albert Hall, and has been the musical sensation of the present season, from the popular point of view.

He sang well; but, because he was tired and had a slight cold, rather less well than he did a couple or so years ago at Covent Garden, when he appeared in *La Traviata* with Rosa Ponselle. On that occasion there were large gaps in the audience and the critics were either lukewarm or uncomplimentary.

The latter part of the mystery can be explained by the fact, itself mysterious, that critics rarely find a good word to say for anything that happens at Covent Garden. The attempts of one of the best-known of them last year to reconcile his hatred of the syndicate, and his general prejudice against the place, with his slavish adulation of Sir Thomas Beecham, who was one of the conductors, furnished a welcome streak of humour.

Walter Gieseking

the pianist, who has lately played in three concerts in one week, when his execution was greatly admired

The Venetian Ball was the first of last week's series of in-aid-of events, and was held at Grosvenor House for the Ex-Services' Welfare Society. In the group above are Capt. and Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, who were joint host and hostess with the Redmond McGraths. With them are Major and Mrs. Le Gros and Wing-Commander Payne

Below : Mr. Anthony Coke and Lady Pamela Smith ; they went to the dance in the party taken by the joint hosts and hostesses, and Lady Pamela Smith took part in the eighteenth-century Venetian mime play

Miss Lisa Maugham, who was another of the performers in the Venetian play, and Mr. Murrough O'Brien were two more of the McGrath - Cunningham - Reid party

Above : Miss Enid Rowe, Miss Valerie Lynch, Miss Isabel Maclean, Major George Panter and Mrs. Loudoun Maclean made a good line-up for the camera at Grosvenor House

Dancing for Charity— I

The Venetian Ball

Right : Lord Churston looks as if he was just going to say "Unaccustomed as I am, etc.", but actually he was asking someone to dance. Sitting at the table is Lady Churston

Major Richard Travers Laurence, M.C., Hodson's Horse, and Miss E. Addison, Major-Gen. G. H. Addison, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Addison's daughter, were married at the Church of the Redemption, New Delhi

Mr. George Gordon Dusgate and Miss Jean Beckwith, the elder daughter of Lady Muriel Beckwith, and a niece of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, are being married next Monday at St. Saviour's, Walton Street

Capt. J. S. Starling, R.A., and Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wagg's younger daughter, after their register office wedding last week. With them are the two bridesmaids, Mrs. Rex Colclough and Miss Ulrica Thynne

Going Out to Goings On

"The Bystander" in Society

Good manners are said to be returning to Mayfair. And it is mostly said to be due to the advent of "Les Girls." They have such a dominating influence upon their male escorts that flowers and bouquets descend in profusion upon them. It is said that not one of them will sally forth in the evening "un-bunched"! Now the sweet little English girls have profited by this, and are almost insisting upon similar treatment.

The week started off with a flourish of trumpets, of which one of the pleasantest blasts heralded in a really enjoyable Charity Ball. This, I should like to add, is said quite seriously, and refers to the Venetian Ball at Grosvenor House. There was a Venetian Masque, in which featured Lady Dunn, in a sort of *Rosenkavalier* costume, Mrs. Hart Davis, Lady Pamela Smith, and Mrs. Robin D'Erlanger. After this the Russian Ballet, with all its complement of "-ovas" and "-inskas," gave *Le Beau Danube* perfectly, as always. Yet even at this ball there were faint complaints that there was "too much hanging about" between events.

At the Duke of York's Theatre, previously in the evening, we saw another Henry VIII. in Frank Vosper, who thought that in Kathryn Howard he had a "rose without a thorn," and accordingly distributed scented roses to the audience. However, as the play progressed, we learnt that the rose obviously had thorns, so had to be nipped in the bud. Do not pity Henry VIII. for his sorrow, because, in Francis Hackett's book about him, you can read what a thoroughly nasty customer he was. His adherents will murmur some such bromidic utterance as "Tempora mutantur."

And, earlier still in that evening, there had been a very literary cocktail-party at Jonathan Cape's, the publishers, in their house in Bedford Square, on the site of the old Russian Embassy. The electric lights went out, and in candle-light some of the authors looked quite handsome. Beverley Nichols was celebrating the advent of *The Thatched Roof*, which rather encourages us to lead a ring-a-ring-o'-roses existence. Michael Arlen, Osbert Sitwell, Somerset Maugham, Sir Ian Hamilton, Raymond Massey, and the Dean of Windsor—Gladys Cooper, Lady Melchett, Lady Mount Temple, Miss Barbara Hutchinson, Lady Diana Cooper, and Miss Diane Chamberlain—six of each sex did I note.

On the Tuesday, earnest Laughton-ians invaded Sadler's Wells, and saw a play, of the subject of which we so rarely hear these days—*Henry VIII.* As a matter of fact, Flora Robson "got the hands," as Mr. "Eddie" Marsh, who was in the audience, might have remarked.

Likewise a large number of people collected at the Whitehall Theatre, when Marion Lorne assisted her husband, Walter Hackett, to assure another of his successes as a playwright.

Lady Anne Rhys established herself as one of the leaders of the young-marrieds when she took her place as Chairman of the Georgian Ball at the Dorchester. There are so many grades of London Society, or, rather, sets, in which one could be. For instance, a Frenchman would describe Miss Mala Brand as "Très Mayfair," and Miss Peggy Gordon Moore or Robinia, Viscountess Mountgarret as "Très Charity-Ball."

As for Miss Olga Lynn, the word "organiser" hovers over her head like a sword of Damocles or dove with an olive branch. One of her most successful efforts is certainly that of the Æolus Concerts, held in some of the more stately London houses, and attracting a similar type of audience. Arthur Rubinstein played at Lady Portarlington's house, and it must be said that he attacked her piano with more vigour than was intended by some of the composers whose works he interpreted. However, he is always safe when he has a good hammering at De Falla and Albeniz, and his playing of the deep bass notes in Liszt's Funérailles was excellent. We then heard Lisa Minghetti play the violin. She is so attractive, with lovely red hair, that I fear several members of the audience ignored the violin part of it, especially when she launched forth on some Bach, a dull old gentleman at the best of times. She is much more suited for the romantic school of music. Lady Oxford arrived at the concert in time to take a front seat near to her hostess. Alanova looked very lovely, Lady Mount Temple wore green, just for a change, Mrs. Redmond McGrath brought her daughter Daphne Kingsmill. Mrs. Cartwright wore some lovely pearls, but not many smiles—perhaps the music was rather serious. Two Lisas sat together, Miss Maugham and Mlle. Minghetti (when not playing), also Lord Ivor Churchill and Lady Colefax. There was a supper afterwards: Lord Portarlington exclaimed, "I feel I should have given the highbrows spaghetti, and not kedgeree."

With the concert starting at ten o'clock, it was surprising that one or two of the audience were not

St. Andrew's Revels at the Café de Paris

Lady Burney selling Lord Stanley of Alderley a mystery-prize ticket. The party was really an evening-dress one, but the balcony always gives the day-clothes people a chance — in this case, to do their bit

Here is one of the supper parties who collected at the Café de Paris to eat and drink, and revel if they felt like it, in aid of the Royal Free Hospital; included in it are Mr. John Dewar, Lady Burney, Mr. Pilkington, and, on the right, Mrs. John Dewar

late, because several of them had been to the huge cocktail-party given by the Dorchester to the "Broadway Dolls," as the Follies Girls are termed; and many did not leave before nine o'clock. It was a very "wife-less" party; there must have been four hundred unattached males present. Clifford Whitley, Bobby Howes, Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge were all off to America next day.

ON Wednesday, Foyle's Literary Luncheon at the Connaught Rooms attracted about five hundred people, because George Robey was billed to speak on "Vulgarity." Gertrude Lawrence replied, as did Ronald Frankau, brother of Gilbert. Robey stated that his attitude to sex was to laugh at it, and make the younger generation laugh at it, too. That seems rather unlucky, if that is all they can do about it.

EACH Wednesday in November Lady Chamberlain and her daughter Diane give At-Homes at 58, Rutland Gate. Here one meets politicians, such as Captain Arthur Hope, and Mayfairers, such as Mr. "Terry" Weldon and Miss Nina Pearson. Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, Lady Malcolm and Lady D'Abernon were also there.

IN the evening we went to look at *The Sunshine Sisters*, at the Queen's Theatre. Ivor Novello had not done his best, dramatically, in this piece; the management had done far better in the audience it had collected—Lord and Lady Carisbrooke, Lord Hambleden, John van Druten, Michael Arlen, Sir Frank Meyer and Miss Radclyffe Hall, and the peer to whom, when he said, "Every mother in London trusts me," it was replied, "Only those without daughters, I think."

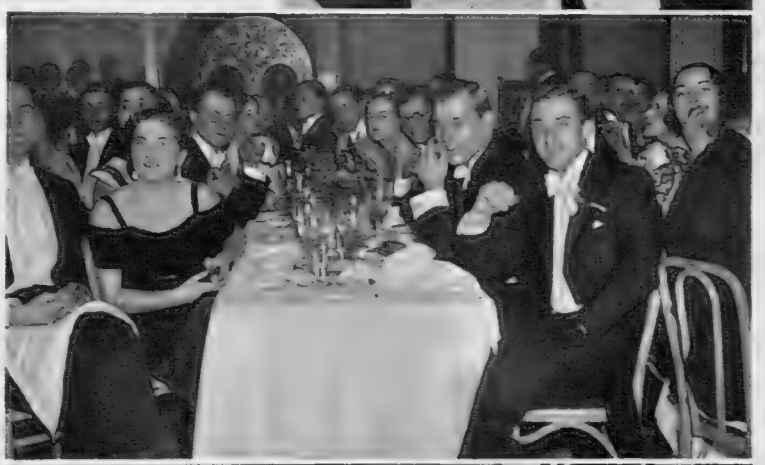
THERE are several nicknames around Mayfair. For instance, Monocle Pete, Monocle Mike, Freddie the Fish, the Beer Baron, Mr. Maxwell the Mystery Man, Uncle Bonbon in Paris. The first is M. Dacio Moura, of the Brazilian Embassy; the second is Mr. Michael Lafone, late of the Bobbin, now of D.A.M.'s; the third is Mr. Frederick Halibut; the fourth is Lord Hindlip; I dare not disclose the identity of the fifth, and I do not know that of the sixth.

MELTON is resounding to Tally-hos by day and poker-parties by night. Who are known as the Wise Maidens of Melton? We all know that Major Charlie Clarke pokes the best fun at people of anyone in the county. Miss Monica Sheriffe has abandoned her yachting kit for riding breeches, Miss Ulrica Thynne has been seen in the saddle again. Mr. "Chatty" Hilton Green is proving the best amateur huntsman in the country—Cottesmoreites rave about him. But then he goes to bed at half-past nine each night, and never dines out in the hunting season.

MR. PEEPS

Right: Lady Jean Bertie and Mrs. Charles Graham were in a party of four

Below: the group includes Mr. Ian Murphy, Mr. Douglas Swan, Miss Audrie Holmes, the international golfer, Mr. Percy Scholes, Miss Elaine Heathcote-Smith and Miss Mary Rose



Swaebe

Another party of St. Andrew's Revellers arriving at the Café de Paris on the charity evening; it included Miss Anne Dixon, Mr. E. Samuel, the Hon. Marcus Samuel, Lady Diana Dixon, Mr. Daniel Dixon, Miss Foster and Lady Elizabeth Murray

Czar Peter III. (Douglas Fairbanks junior), Catherine's husband, falls for the attractive face and figure of Countess Vorontzova (Diana Napier). The Czar, Europe-mad, lost his popularity among his people by Germanising the army and Frenchifying the Court, and finally lost his life at the hands of the crazily-ambitious Czarina, who, after his murder, reigned alone as Catherine the Great

Left: the Empress Elizabeth (Flora Robson), aunt of the Grand Duke Peter, who became Peter III., arrays herself in all her finery in order to appear at the Court Ball and annoy her nephew by showing him that, although she is dying, he is not yet the Czar

Right: Princess Anhalt-Zerbst (Irene Vanbrugh), mother of Catherine, who brought her obscure self and equally obscure daughter from Germany to the Court of Russia to catch the Emperor in marriage, with successful results—for her. This is Irene Vanbrugh's first appearance on the screen

Making History

"Catherine the Great" on the Screen

HISTORY and the English film industry have been put on the world's film map by "The Private Life of Henry VIII." London Film Productions are following up their success with English history by putting Russia's great Queen on the screen; "Catherine the Great" will be shown for the first time early in January in aid of charity. Arthur Wimperis and Lajos Biro are again responsible for the scenario, and John Armstrong for the superb costumes; the sets are designed by Vincent Korda. The direction is in the hands of Dr. Paul Czinner, Elizabeth Bergner's husband

Photographs by Tunbridge

Elizabeth Bergner, as Catherine the Great of Russia, makes her first picture in England; she has already won an English-speaking public by her wonderful acting in the German film "Dreaming Lips." She will be appearing on the stage in the play specially written for her by Margaret Kennedy before her portrayal of the cruel and unscrupulous Empress has its London première

Right: Countess Olga (Dorothy Hall), one of the young Czar's beautiful mistresses. Dorothy Hall is well-known in America as an actress, and it is a sign of the times in the film industry that she has come over here to make pictures

• PERSONALITIES

By "Peter Pepper"

• **PADEREWSKI,** who celebrated his seventy-third birthday last week, is both pianist and statesman. At the moment, he lives a quiet life in Switzerland, surrounded by a devoted and adoring staff, who treat him as if he were a king. He has tremendous charm of manner, diplomacy, and a tenacious will. He is amazingly kind where his musical genius is concerned, and there are innumerable stories of him playing for hours to the sick or sad. His head of thick, long, and snow-white hair is, of course, famous. He is a very quiet person, speaking in a low tone after consideration. He began to learn the piano when he was three years old, and made his début in Vienna in 1887. He was Premier of Poland in 1919. He has perfect hands and the G.B.E.

• **THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND,** who is patron of the Midnight Supper Party, which will be attended by the Duke of Gloucester, is one of the tallest women in Society. She was radiantly beautiful when she married in 1912, and was Lady Eileen Butler, daughter of the seventh Earl of Lanesborough. She was Mistress of the Robes to the Queen from 1916 to 1921. She is a somewhat reserved person, with comparatively few very intimate friends. She is fond of bridge, and is a good needle-woman, having always a piece of wool-work or embroidery at hand. She has some fine jewels, and looks magnificent in them on State occasions. She likes bright colours around her, and is clever at decorating a house. She spends some months of the year abroad, and likes Sutton Place, near Guildford, the best of the Duke's residences. She has dark hair turning grey, fine eyes, a notable presence, a hidden sensitiveness, and no children.

• **SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL,** England's most famous racing motorist, has written a foreword to Mr. George Eyston's book, *Flat Out.* He is shy, and extraordinarily modest. He has a slightly nervous and hesitating manner when confronted by large social crowds, but the moment he speaks on his real subject he becomes alert. He is a very sincere person and very likeable. He loves the country and country pursuits, like riding, fishing, and dog-breeding. He is also fond of yachting. He has a very attractive and charming wife, who is as courageous in her way as her husband in his. He commenced motor-racing as a hobby in 1910, although he took part in motor-cycling racing as early as 1906. He has written three books, has a son and a daughter, a serious expression and a home in Surrey.

• **MISS OLGA LYNN,** who is giving a party with her friend and pupil, Lady Dunn, is one of the outstanding characters of London Society. Short, fat, with a gay disposition and cheery smile, she knows everyone worth knowing, and is loved by everybody. She is not only a clever musician and teacher, she is also brilliantly artistic, and excels at anything that requires original production. She thought out the Wedgwood Ball, the Matinée of Living Italian Paintings, and the Circus Ball. She can make the most blasé Society beauties interested in her charity, make them dress up and even make them enjoy themselves! She has fair hair, a pink-and-white complexion, a love of bright colours, a great sense of humour, and a large following of social fans.

The Duchess of Sutherland
Is a good needle-woman

Sir Malcolm Campbell
England's most famous racing motorist

Miss Olga Lynn
Is a clever musician

Paderewski
Is treated as if he were a sort of king

Above: Miss Oriel Ross and Mr. Denis Skeffington, who won the first prizes for the lovely dresses they wore in the procession of Georgians

Right: the Hon. Nadine Stonor, who was a member of the Young Committee, dancing with Mr. John Underwood

Brigitta, who dances in "Ballerina" and danced with Anton Dolin at the Georgian Ball, and Lady Anne Rhys, the Chairman of the Ball Committee, and one of the judges of the dresses

Right: Lord Poulett in his very Georgian cape, Miss Diana Sword and Mr. Tennyson d'Eyncourt

Above: Mr. Niall Rankin and Lady Jean Rankin; Mr. Rankin was one of the patrons

Dancing for Charity—II

The Georgian Ball

Photographs by Swaebe

Three more of the supporters of the Ball, which was in aid of Naval and Training Ships Leave Camps, were Mr. Murray Brittain, Miss Doris Whiteman and Mr. Philip Turner

Miss Peggy Gordon-Moore as Princess Charlotte and Sir Stephen Bull as Prince Leopold, dancing a neo-Georgian measure together

A Racing Reverie

Gordon and the Bookies

By "Regular"

One to Equal—

—Two to Win

Above: Fred Archer's record being equalled by Gordon Richards when riding El Senor to victory in the Mitre Selling Plate at Hurst Park, thus putting 246 wins to his credit in one season. Right: Gordon Richards on Golden King, at Aintree, beating a record which had stood ever since the long ago eighties

It was to have been the happiest day in the year; it turned out to be one long disappointment. Hurst Park, the happy hunting-ground of punters, turned out to be the burial-ground of our hopes. Gordon failed, Satyr failed, and it was with a heavy heart that I shook its unfriendly dust from my feet and steered for Castle Regular, realising that it and my fleet of motor-cars would all have to go if things didn't come my way at Liverpool.

When I bought my evening paper on the Friday, and found that Gordon had had a blank day, I could have cried for joy. "To-morrow will be the day of all days," I exclaimed. "Auntie and I will be there bright and early to see him do it, and when he 's done it, Satyr will win the big race, and we 'll cheer Lord Carnarvon just as if he was the King."

It would hardly be true to say that the world and his wife were there, because, in some cases, the world had brought somebody else's wife, but, anyhow, it was a very smart gathering, though, late in the day, everyone was in the depths of depression, and I saw one of our smallest, though easily one of our nicest, Regulasses, having tenners on Sir Hugo Cunliffe Owen's and Dick Dawson's representatives in the same race, "Not because they 're fancied," she told me, "but simply because I shall be furious if they win and I 'm not on, and, anyhow, what is another tenner or two at this point?" I quite agree; what is it?—only the price of a little more patience in Old Burlington Street.

This is the point of the season when so many of our Regulars become less so, on account of what a famous head-waiter used to call "that damn 'unting" Sir Matthew Wilson's pack have obviously enjoyed good sport, and they adopt the unusual custom of giving the lady members of the hunt not only the brush, but the whole of the fox. This custom, I understand, was instituted to prevent the hounds getting too stout.

The bookmakers had obviously made up their minds that, even if Gordon went through the card, it wouldn't cost them anything, and they proceeded to offer the most ludicrous prices about his mounts. When one was offered 5 to 4 about Stratfold, one should have made a very rude noise and turned away, and when they suggested 6 to 4 Justification, one should have been even ruder. Not a bit of it, though; like a lot of sheep, we gobbled up these starvation prices, simply and solely because, when Gordon *did* break the record, we wanted to be able to let ourselves go, and to do that you must have backed the winner.

Until I entered the paddock, I did not know that so many cameras existed in all the world. Gordon left the shelter of the weighing-room as little as possible, but whenever he appeared they "shot" him. Gordon hated it all like hell, and you only had to mention a photographer to him at the end of the day for him to go off the deep end.

The only thrill of the day occurred when Gordon rode the handicap certainty, El Senor, to victory in the Mitre Selling Plate, and thus equalled Fred Archer's record. I have seldom heard a greater cheer than when he went by the winning-post, and it had that genuine ring about it which can only be produced by men and women who 've laid the odds and wouldn't have been able to settle if he had been beaten.

We all surged round the winning enclosure, but we forbore to cheer as we were saving ourselves up for when the little man beat the record. Cameras went off like machine-guns though, and Mr. Cornelius, the owner of the second, came over and congratulated Gordon; this was the only occasion on which he smiled all day.

On his way to the weighing-room, a half-wit pounced on him with a wreath of flowers. I only wish I could tell you what Gordon told him to do with those flowers.

We then came to the big race. I don't think that Highclere have ever been more confident, and I am quite prepared to believe that "Porchy," Kathleen, Evelyn, "Bro," Myrtle and Flash, and all the house-party, went the limit. (I hasten to add that I am not on these terms of familiarity myself, and I only refer to them as such to give local colour.)

Their confidence certainly seemed justified, and even Dick Dawson, who 's always prepared for the worst, thought he was sure to win. As everyone knows, Satyr was beaten a very long way from home; in fact, he wouldn't have won even if the race had been five furlongs. Whether he stuck in the mud, or what happened, I know not; all I know is that the British Aristocracy took it in the neck, and that a humble journalist will have to "ask for time."

We then had to see about getting one. Mrs. Beatty, than whom there is no greater enthusiast, win, lose, tie or wrangle, asks Mr. Jack Clayton what Lord Carnarvon thinks about Claudine (he rode her in her last race). Mr. Clayton decides that Lord Carnarvon has given up thinking, so we are left to our own devices.

A few lucky ones, noticing that cheery young Lord Churchill was making one of his rare appearances, construed it as a tip for his Dad's horse, Witticism—only a very few, though.

By the time these lines will appear in print, Gordon will have beaten the record, and thank heaven for it. Just at the moment, racing is nothing more than a farce. The bookmakers know that we all want to be on him when he does it, and offer us under the odds. We daren't leave him out, but at the same time we realise it 's costing us a packet.

As my readers are well aware, Gordon has no greater admirer than Uncle Regular, while the Memsahib gets that rather stupid, sentimental look women get sometimes whenever she sees him waddle off to ride. At the same time, we *do* wish he 'd get it all over, as, fond as we are of him, we really can't afford to back him six times a day, when he only wins once, and then at odds on.

However, there is a great consolation in the fact that, much as we hate this record-breaking business, there is someone who hates it much more than we do, and his name is Gordon Richards.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

AFTER too long an absence in Hollywood, Miss Valerie Taylor has returned to us both in person and on the screen. "Berkeley Square," in which she plays the rôle she took in the stage production, will be released shortly. In the photograph here Miss Taylor is looking her picturesque self in a pale-blue satin gown of quasi-Empire persuasion designed by Nikolas. The blue-and-gold-striped scarf is wound round the figure and forms a cowl at the back

F. J. Gutmann

A Summary of this Season's borrowings from many periods and

Some of the newest from Paris - to - London hats

Paul Tanqueray

MRS. MARY BOOKER, better known to film-goers as Mary Hamilton, looks enchanting in her black galyac cap, which is a Rose Descat model, and comes from Scotts, of Bond Street

Paul Tanqueray

SCOTTS have recently redecorated their showrooms, and in a charming setting of pale grey and lacquer red are showing an exceptionally good collection of country hats, one of which is shown above

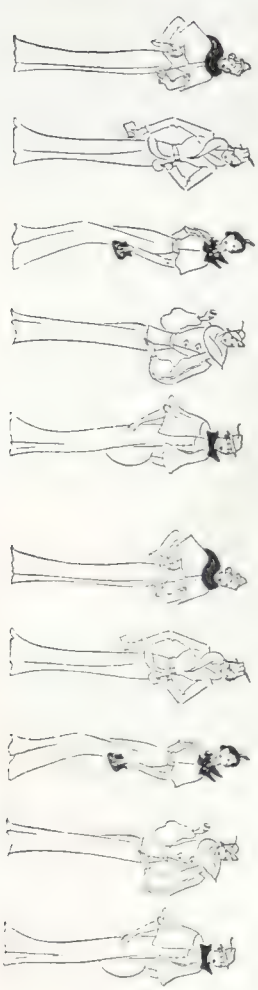
Meerson

HAPPILY, the type of béret shown on the left has come to stay, for it is very becoming to most faces and easy to wear. Woollands copy this Rose Valois model in cloth for 39/6, or in velvet for 2½ guineas

Bond Street and Thereabouts

A Weekly Commentary on Fashion

Meerson

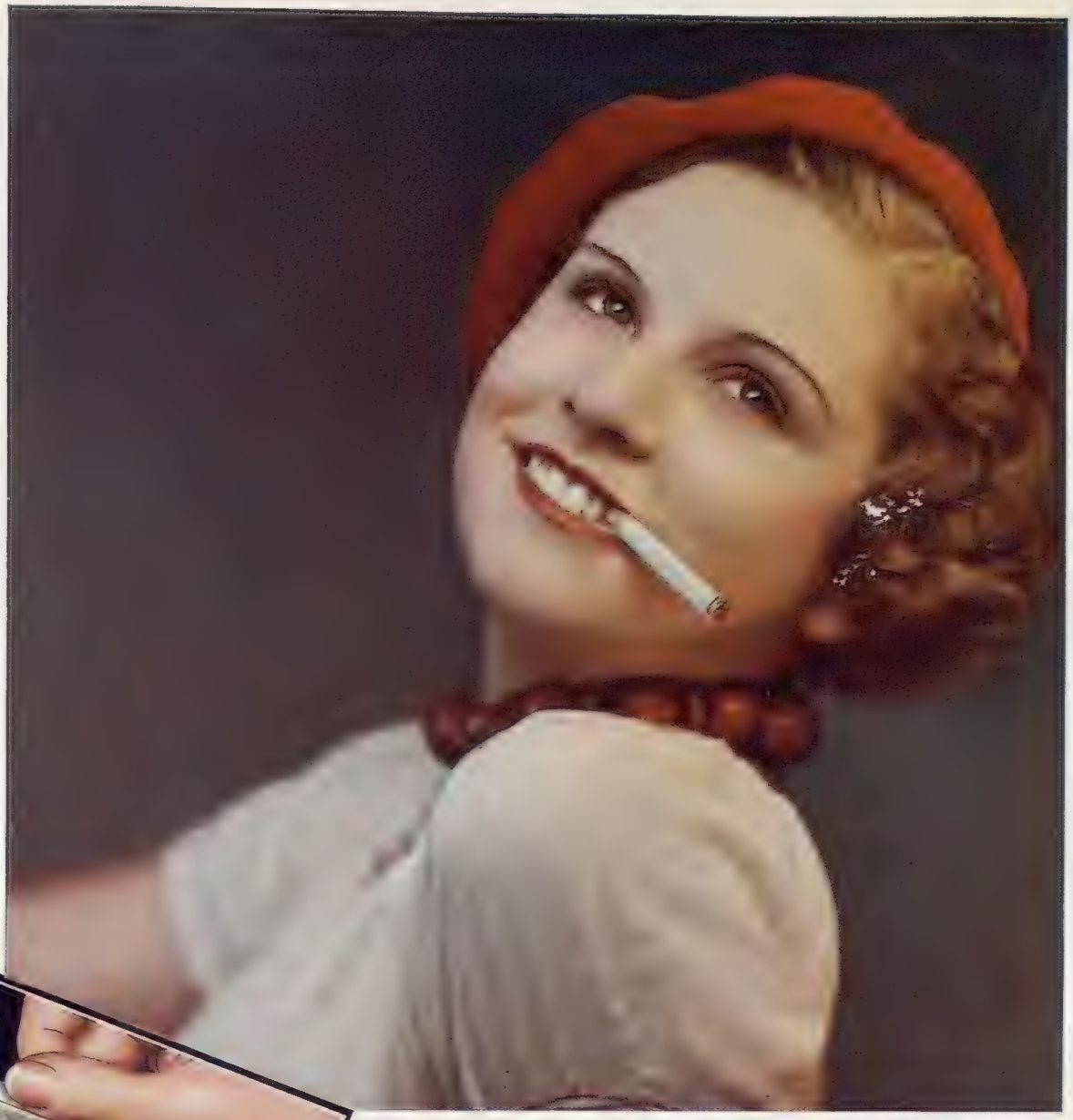


Have cinema suits come to stay?

I CAN well remember the first "cocktail dress" shown to me at a Paris collection—it was at Lenief's, and was made of Irish crochet in an extremely elaborate pattern, had a longish skirt dipping at the back, and an addition which can only go by that horrible appellation, "coatee." It was greeted by supercilious stares from the private clientèle and hurried scribblings from the journalists present. News is so often synonymous with bad taste; but news it is. This was about seven years ago, and we have all drunk a great many cocktails since then; drunk them in Chanel woollen jumper suits, in Patou black satin afternoon dresses, in Vionnet velvet coats—in a multitude of different costumes, but rarely—may I, on behalf of THE BYSTANDER readers, say "never"?—in a cocktail dress. Then some intelligent designer came to the commonsense conclusion that if a woman was changing into a special costume for the six o'clock event of a cocktail-party, it was unlikely she would again change, barely two hours later, into full evening attire, but would most probably continue from cocktails to dinner and to a movie—hence the cinema costume, which has proved as great a success as its early forbear, the cocktail dress, was a failure. Which proves "What's in a name?" etc. Anyway, it is really only a formal afternoon outfit, the type of thing we all long to find in our cupboard when our merest acquaintance is being suddenly married in great state, or that we actually want for the innumerable occasions when we dine inconspicuously and see Katharine Hepburn in comfort, warmth and at a reasonable hour, rather than some superannuated English favourite in a draughty theatre at 8.15, with the inevitable indigestion following on a "bolted" meal or no meal at all.

THAT the cinema costume has come to stay seems pretty certain, for it has come precisely at the right moment; not only do we need it, but with skirts getting definitely longer, its tendency to ankle-length hems is not as conspicuous as it would have been a year or two ago. Mainbocher does this kind of thing to perfection, as the two models illustrated on this page show, and he manages to give a seasonably Christmas-annual look, allied to real chic. The beautiful Millicent Ramos (now Rogers Salm) wears the costume with the black sealskin capes over either arm, and Mrs. Vreeland, dark and neat, wears the one with the ermine revers and the skirt cut short in front. Personally, I don't like this skirt-line, and Lady Castlerosse, who also has one of these suits, has had her skirt cut short—but, then, who wouldn't, with legs like hers . . . Another similar suit, black wool, long skirt, short fitted coat, has a back surprisingly made of leopard and a tiny leopard muff is carried with it. Mrs. Trede, the former Princess Radziwill, has this model, but with the leopard replaced by seal—less conspicuous and smarter, I think. In my younger days fur was considered suitable for a collar "to frame the face becomingly, my dear," but nowadays it crops up in the oddest places. Victor Stiebel has a coat with yoke and sleeves of seal, and one of Hartnell's best evening-dresses is of black wool with a shaped hem of seal and what looks like bows of fur on the shoulders. But to return to cinema costumes: Harvey Nichols have a nice one of black wool, a coat and skirt, ankle-length of course, and a backless gold lamé blouse, so that, the short coat removed, the blouse and skirt can do duty as a smart restaurant gown and wouldn't look amiss on any dance floor. This to be illustrated next week, provided the photographer delivers it on the promised date—which he probably won't; if not, the following week. And H. J. Nicoll have one of the most useful outfits of this description in town: a black velvet wrap-around skirt and sacque coat, with a backless cream satin blouse. Illustrated in our issue of October 25th, in case you don't remember. It's very inexpensive, too.

MADGE GARLAND.



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Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" **Caricatures by "Jonk"**

Godfrey Washington as Lord Duncaster
"Ah, Seton, it is I!"

THE Stock Exchange Dramatic and Operatic Society have long had the reputation of being able to field a better acting side than most amateur dramatic societies, and they haven't lowered their standard with their latest production. The cast who played in *The Nelson Touch* at the New Scala could take on some West End professional ones we 've seen and beat them at their own game. Geoffrey Dunstan, who was cast as the hero this time, instead of the villain, had his weakest moments in the first act, when his rather flurried movements and gestures suggested nervousness. He seems to be most self-conscious when someone else is speaking, and is a little inclined then to smile, frown, and otherwise change his expression unnecessarily. Except for this, during the second and third acts, his performance was as good as it could be; his long speeches during his interview with the sheiks were perfectly delivered, and, indeed, his voice and diction were delightful throughout. Every word he says is distinct, no matter how quietly he seems to be speaking.

GODFREY WASHINGTON played excellently, but for some uncertainty and patchiness in the first act, the part of the vain and futile Lord Duncaster, Secretary of State for the Middle East. If he had said no other words but his "Ah, Seton, it is I," he would have justified his appearance on the stage. But his grandiloquent gesture with the paper-knife, his sudden angry swoop round on his scapegrace brother, which almost overbalanced him, and all his vexed and rather pathetic dithering in the third act, when his pompous bluff was being called, were just as satisfactory for the audience. John Houlden's restrained acting as the wise and cynical Prime Minister was most effective. He is only twenty-six, but he carried both the make-up and the manner of an elderly statesman as naturally as could be.

THE three Sheiks were also excellent. Basil Brooke and Norman J. Bentley put across their ruffianism and sinister plottings without having more than a few words to say. Frank Engelmann, as the chief Sheik, is to be congratulated above all on never succumbing to the temptation, always lying in wait in a part of this sort, to over-act. His Arab's English, the quality of his voice, the expressiveness of his face, and the sincerity he put into his speeches about his country, made his performance a remarkable one. He almost, for a moment, lifted the whole play on to a more serious plane. Not so A. H. Leveaux as Philpotts; his old-retainer manner was all comedy, and was only marred by a tendency to be over-fussy. His singing of "Hearts of Oak" in a cracked and wavering

A. H. Leveaux as Philpotts
A Heart of Oak

voice, his expression of horror when his master caught him doing it, and the guilty anguish of his back view as he hobbled hastily out of the room, glass of whisky still in hand, were his chefs-d'œuvre.

JOAN RADFORD, as that maddening woman, the Countess of Duncaster, and Winifred Reed, as the "I-can-look-after-myself" Janetta Norton, were the only women in the play. The former overacted at moments, and therefore was best when her part demanded most from her, when she was extremely good. The latter was the capable young woman who knew all about Arabia, and the romantic girl who fell in love with her gallant rescuer, as her part demanded; she moved about the stage or sat quietly on the sofa with equal grace.

LAST (we had to save him for the end), and certainly not least, there was Edgar Walmisley; he is as popular as he can be with his audiences. His stupendous presence, his large voice, his gigantic tail-coat, his spacious gestures, and his superb geniality made even the unctuous, psalm-singing, hypocritical, oily oil-king into a Falstaffian sort of being. What would these shows be without "Young Shaftesbury"?

HERE 's the story of how a young broker and his firm were "touched" for £20 the other day. The broker was away on his holiday, and during a conversation with a man who was staying in his hotel, happened to mention the name of his firm and the day on which he was returning to the City. The stranger apparently then hurried off to another hotel, and, using the broker's name, wired to his firm and said he 'd had a motor accident and would they send him £20? The broker, on returning to work, was astounded when his friends commiserated with him on his smash. The stranger, meanwhile, had collected the cash, and now is wanted by Scotland Yard.

FIREWORK DAY went well this year. The Fifth of November being Sunday, no notices had been put up to remind members of the grave danger of letting off squibs and things in the House. So on Saturday, the fourth, there was a nice little display, bonfire and all, and at least one sleeping member in the Rhodesian market was woken up with a start.

John Houlden as the Prime Minister
Ready to turn a blind eye

Right: Lord and Lady Chelmsford at the Metropolitan and Essex Canine Society's show at the Crystal Palace. Lord Chelmsford's beagle, Yarrells Folly, won the Kennel Club Challenge Certificate for the best bitch; Lady Chelmsford's cockers are Chewton Lizane and Chewton Soloman

Below: another photograph at the Crawley and Horsham meet, of Sir Merrik Burrell, Mr. Raymond Burrell's father, the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Howard, and Lady Veronica Hornby

The Crawley and Horsham held their opening meet at Knepp Castle, where Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Burrell live; above are the Hon. Arthur Howard, Mrs. Dundas and Miss Baker-Wilbraham, who were out at the meet on foot

Here are some golfers, for a change—at the Brocton Hall Open Mixed Foursomes. In the group are Capt. Charles Todd, secretary of Brocton Hall, Miss Eleanor Helme, Mr. Len Smith and Miss Birkett, the runners-up, Mr. Wilfrid Morgan, president of the Club, Miss Mary Beard and Mr. John Bloor, the winners, Mrs. Charles Todd, and Mr. Joy who, with the Hon. Humphrey Legge, gave the trophy

Yet another opening meet, this time of Lodge, Loxwood. The Hon. Mrs. Prior daughter, took her daughter, Diana, who is young, as she is only four, and was the

Doings Out of Doors

Mostly Reminders to Town-Dwellers that Hunting has Started Again

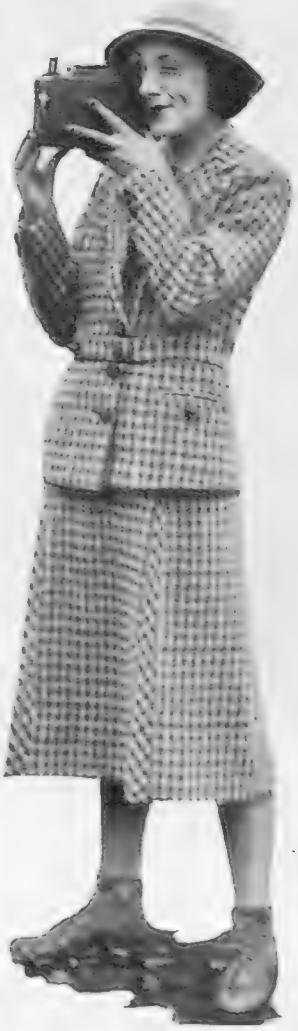
Right: Mrs. Peter Wilson, who had a fall not long ago, was at the opening meet of the Meynell at Sudbury Hall, on foot, but her son, Roddy, was there on his pony to keep the family flag flying

Below: Baron Frankie de Tuyll and the Duchess of Beaufort photographed on the first day of the season with the Duke of Beaufort's, when the meet was held at Didmarton

Mrs. Peter Wilson and her son, Roddy

the Leconfield, at Laker's Palmer, Baroness Zouche's beginning her hunting career smallest mounted follower out

An after-Sunday-lunch group at Knole, which is one of the most lovely houses in England, and belongs to the Sackvilles: Mr. Jan Juta, the mural artist, Lady Sackville, the hostess, Mr. John Dewar, Mrs. Michaelis, Lady Royds, Comte Vladimir Sollhub, Mrs. John Dewar, and Prince Serge Belosselski-Beloserski



Miss Audrey Cook, sister of Lady Haddington and Lady Minto, taking a "movie" of the Buccleuch meet at Mellerstane

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Two Views of Parisian Life: By A. G. Macdonell

MR. EDWARD KNOBLOCK is better known as a dramatist than as a novelist, but his latest novel, *The Love-Lady* (Chapman and Hall; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is clear evidence that he can slip deftly from one technique to the other. *The Love-Lady* is the story of twenty-four hours in the life of a lady of easy virtue. The scene is Paris, and the plot is fast and furious. There is a theft of an emerald necklace, a suicide to avoid impending bankruptcy, a broken heart or two, some fierce love-making, a really horrible Swedish sculptor, and much vivacious description of the ville lumière. Mr. Knoblock knows his Paris intimately. The love-lady herself, an English dancer, is the type that is determined to make provision for the future. She wants to collect a nest-egg against a rainy day. In her own words, she has no desire to end up selling matches at a street-corner, a Bryant-and-May bride. But, poor little love-lady, she falls in love with a handsome and penniless youth who adores her. One hour is all that she spends in his arms, and then he overhears a fatal telephone conversation and leaves her for ever, and she has to return at the end of the mouvementé day to her bargaining with jewellers and her gold-digging and her swindling of elderly admirers.

Mr. Knoblock has not attempted to write a deep, sociological novel, but he has confined himself to the simple task of telling a brisk and entertaining story. And he has succeeded admirably. *The Love-Lady* is certainly a book to read.

Lenare

Mr. Siegfried Sassoon

Whose engagement to Miss Hester Gatty, daughter of the late Sir Stephen Gatty and Lady Gatty, of Lowndes Square, will shortly be announced. Mr. Sassoon was awarded the Hawthornden Prize in 1929 for "The Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man," and in 1930 the Royal Society of Literature honoured him with their silver medal for his services to poetry and prose

ANOTHER book about Paris, of a very different type, is Paul Morand's *Paris to the Life* (Oxford Press; 10*s.* 6*d.*). M. Morand writes ramblingly, delightfully, about things seen in the streets of Paris, the apricot-sellers in the market of Montmartre, the chestnut-men from the Auvergne, the rag-merchants, the curés and the nuns; the Gingerbread Fair, which has been held every Eastertide since the Middle Ages, and the Old Iron Fair. What a different world from Mr. Knoblock's, and yet they both exist within an inch of each other. The love-ladies of the emerald necklaces go tripping along the boulevards past M. Morand's Swiss nurses in the Parc Monceau, and his Tame Sparrow Man, and his urchins making mud-pies in the Parc Monsouris. They are all part of that sunlit, ancient, modern, hypnotic, irresistible, infuriating, and adorable city. But although M. Morand writes with all his own charm (admirably translated by Mr. Gerard Hopkins), and that charm is very great, nevertheless the chief part in *Paris to the Life* must be assigned to Miss Doris Spiegel, whose black-and-white drawings are of really outstanding merit. In a few bold lines she compresses the essence of the Parisian scene, so that you say, "Good heavens, how often have I seen that!" or "Of course, that is exactly how they look." Perhaps I am more ignorant than most, but Miss Spiegel's work is new to me. I shall certainly look out for it in future with pleasurable anticipation.

ANOTHER picture-book this week is Mr. Arthur Wragg's *Psalms for Modern Life* (Selwyn and Blount; 6*s.*). Mr. Wragg is a young man with an immense capacity for hating the thing which ought to be hated. He has taken the Psalms of David and drawn pictures to illustrate how this modern twentieth-century of ours is interpreting the wisdom and the passion of those early prophets. Mr. Wragg attacks with a fearful, devastating brush the crimes of war-mongers, of armament firms, of profiteers, of sweaters of labour, and the follies of gossips and gigolos and Press magnates. The irony and the mockery of it is simply fearful, and Mr. Wragg's draughtsmanship is so skilful that every line and every shadow is full of a blasting effect like dynamite. It is an extraordinary phenomenon of our time that the old tend more and more to jingoism and arm-chair violence, while the young tend more and more to a wild, and yet lucidly sane, exposure of all the shams and villainies which jingoism produces. Miss Vera Brittain, Mr. Beverley Nichols, and now Mr. Wragg are all recent examples of this phenomenon on one side, while certain of our "elder statesmen," who shall be nameless, are examples of it on the other. Dr. H. R. L. Sheppard has written a wise and eloquent preface to this book, and the publishers have done their bit by contributing first-class printing.

STILL more picture-books. *Horse Nonsense* (Methuen; 5*s.*) is another of those incredibly diverting works of Messrs. Yeatman and Sellar, who wrote 1066 *and All That*, and again the best part of the book is the illustrations of Mr. John Reynolds, who describes himself on the title-page as vice-Master of the Bloomsbury Drughounds. *Horse Nonsense* is a mass of puns, witticisms, epigrams, and sarcasm, fired at that exclusive and muddle-headed section of society which thinks the horse is a noble animal. Many of these queer ladies and gentlemen appear from time to time in the pages of the illustrateds, often with their noble animals under them (and often on top of them), and they will enormously enjoy this long and elaborate joke at their expense. My only complaint against the authors of this jeu d'esprit (what a lot of French I am bursting into this week: it is all Mr. Knoblock's fault) is that they overdo the punning. "It never reins but it paws," is good fun. I pass that. But too often they drag in unnecessary and rather stupid plays upon words. Apart from that, *Horse Nonsense* is gloriously funny.

BRIG.-GENERAL CHARTERIS has written a short life of Haig (Duckworth; 2*s.*), and I refuse to believe that he has done the reputation of his hero the slightest good. There is a very strong case to be made out for Haig, and it is a case that ought to be made out whenever possible, in view of the shrill and incessant clamour of the pro-Foch propagandists in this country. But General Charteris is no help at all. Haig was a clear-sighted, self-confident, efficient professional soldier without a single spark of imagination or genius. His sole method of warfare, just like all the other professional Western Front soldiers, was to mass a great many men on a narrow front and hammer away like mad until the German machine-gunners had killed every one or been killed themselves. It is absurd to make him out as a great strategist, and to pretend that his defeats were, in reality, victories. To talk about the Battle of Arras as a great victory is to ignore completely the heavy and costly defeats which were suffered in the Valley of the Scarpe after the initial success of the first day. History is likely to put Haig in his proper place, and, I hope, Foch in his, but it will not be done by the uncritical, adulating, one-professional-to-another methods of General Charteris.

A hard-working mount could enable Mr. Tolley to compete 247 rounds of golf in any given month

This likely steed would assist the Aga Khan to knock up 247 shots in as many years

Whereas Mr. Chapman, with this juicy bit of flesh, would round up 247 players for the Arsenal in as many minutes

I feel sure that with this sagging nag Mr. Larwood could bowl 247 overs without touching a wicket, players, or umpire

With these backhand fillies, "Bunny" Austin and Jean Borotra could last 247 sets of tennis right off without cramp, fatigue, or fits

Our artist, H. H. Harris, suffering from the Gordon Richards complex, remounts old favourites for further records

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Promising Players

Left: London Scottish beat Cambridge University by sixteen points to eight at the Richmond Athletic Ground. The picture shows a Cambridge man being collared in a break-away

Below: an incident in the Old Millhillian - Rosslyn Park match, won by Rosslyn Park by six points to nil, showing one of the latter team being collared in a match played at Headstone Lane, Harrow

The First Defeat of Cambridge

LEICESTER is my lucky ground. Whenever I go there I see brilliant Rugby football, and I am beginning to think that the Leicester authorities might do worse than offer me a retaining-fee just to be present and cast an enchantment over their matches.

I saw that historic defeat of the Springboks there; I've seen more than one tremendous display by the Barbarians; and last week I suffered agonies of excitement while the East Midlands were resisting the astonishingly keen challenge of the young Leicestershire team.

An interesting game that; the East Midlands won, and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that they will win the County Championship. Still, Leicestershire made them go all the way, and what struck me particularly was the number of young players who did extraordinarily well. There was J. F. Payne, for example, a full-back from Stoneygate, as steady and efficient a full-back as you could wish to see. There was W. A. Jackson, an intelligent left-centre, who kicked with mechanical accuracy; there was J. Ball, a scrum-half from Hinckley, who stood up like a good plucked-'un to the redoubtable Gadney. There were, moreover, eight Leicestershire forwards, who played with the utmost fire and vitality, and their raiders, G. N. Harris and R. W. Fallowell, would hold their own in any company.

I must say I should like to see some of the local clubs in action; if Stoneygate and Hinckley can produce such excellent performers, they must be worth watching, and I hope the Selectors will not overlook them.

This does not exhaust the catalogue of promising youngsters, for the East Midlands had one or two relatively dark horses up their sleeve. J. Dicks, for instance, a back-row forward of the L. S. Bailey type, is no mean skirmisher, and R. O. Baillon, the Northampton full-back, has very decided possibilities.

ALL this encourages me to suggest that there is not so much wrong with Rugby football as we are apt to suppose in our pessimistic moments. These youngsters are on the right road, and if the right road can still be found, despite the red-herrings which have been drawn across it, we can make our minds easy about the future of the game.

One thing, though, did rather puzzle me at Leicester. Here was a county match between local rivals, and yet a very small crowd turned out to watch the game. Is the attraction of Rugby in the provinces exaggerated? Do spectators prefer to see their own club side in action?

I'm inclined to think they do, and they have a certain amount of reason when they find such odd jumbles as R. C. Gadney and P. B. Coote of Leicester playing for the East Midlands.

THAT is a minor point, though, and I make no excuse for returning to an examination of the present state of Rugby football. Having given certain reasons for optimism I am bound to add that astute and knowledgeable friends of mine send me grave reports from the 'Varsities. The forwards, they say, are not settling down to solid work. They are skirmishing with plenty of spirit, but they have yet to show that they know anything of the fundamentals of scrummaging. Cambridge, they tell me, were exposed by the London Scottish pack; while Oxford lacked solidity against a weakened Richmond side.

I must admit that this is disturbing. The 'Varsity teams have been at it long enough now to produce the shove and the concentrated effort in the tight which we expect from a well-trained pack. And if Oxford and Cambridge—with so much material at their disposal, and so many opportunities for combined practice—cannot scrummage soundly, we are forced to deduce that players come from their public schools with wrong-headed notions about the duties of a forward.

NOW to a letter which comes from one of the most famous of Scotland's post-war back-row forwards. He disagrees, very amiably, with my contention that the dropped goal is not worth four points, and he speaks with feeling when he says: "When I was playing back-row forward I was never so afraid as at a scrum under my goal, when we were only holding a three-point lead. Fortunately, few halves could or did drop goals. It is a helpless feeling for a forward seeing a man about to drop-kick. What is there to do? A straight tackle, damned unpleasant; or a jump with a hundred-to-one chance of touching the ball!"

This particular forward would choose the straight tackle every time, but I know what he means. His argument is that a dropped goal should be more often used as a means of combined attack, and that, so used, it becomes a matter of intelligent tactical scheming, well worth the extra point. "After all," he says, "if four points are too much, why don't teams play for them more? The answer is they haven't the skill; they can't!"

Well, that may be true, though, in my opinion, the lure of that extra point leads to far too much irresponsible snap-shooting from impossible angles. I do agree with my correspondent that the dropped goal which is the result of deliberate manœuvring for position, and subsequent skill in kicking, is most praiseworthy. I still cannot agree, though, that, even so, it is worth more than a try, which is also the result of combination and skill and has in it more of the ingredients which make up the essential rigour and greatness of Rugby football.

(1) Eric Fiddian, English Amateur ex-Champion, and his father. (2) Dr. Wm. Tweddell, Amateur ex-Champion and Club Captain, with W. Pearson, ex-Captain. (3) J. Smith, T. McCaig, and C. C. G. Corbet. (4) W. L. Pratt and A. Fieldhouse. (5) F. Tromans and J. C. Sidaway. (6) Cyril Boulton, F. J. Boulton, President, G. P. Chamberlain, and G. H. Goodyear, Secretary. (7) W. C. Harper, D. A. Fiddian, A. S. Price. (8) A. Dipper and R. C. Lucas. (9) C. W. P. Aggleton and T. O. Penn. (10) Rev. F. O'Neil-Fisher and James Smellie. (11) R. T. Davies and J. Jones, seen at Stourbridge Meeting

A Medal Meeting

Some Stourbridge Members Who Competed

Women's Golf: *By Eleanor E. Helme*

All Over the Place

Dear Bystander,

I hope you and everybody else concerned realises how interesting things are becoming in the competition for the Yearly Challenge Cup given to the player who has won the greatest number of Bystander spoons during the year. Two more months to go, and at present three people are tieing, with three wins each. These are Miss M. Fielding, of Blackpool North Shore, Miss D. R. Wooding, of Kingsthorpe, and Miss M. Way, of Hockley. Any number have won two spoons, so that if any of them could manage to put in a win this month and next—supposing that Miss Fielding, Miss Wooding and Miss Way do not do likewise—they ought to have the Cup at their mercy. Even one win might do it, for, if I may whisper you a secret, it is that all of these did their winning in January, February and April, when scores were quite indifferent, judged by the highly exalted standard that wins spoons now.

Miss Way, under the published conditions for decision of ties, is leading at the moment; the question is, who (if anybody) can overtake her?

And let me give you some more definite news. First, of two days I spent at Wentworth, one with the Parliamentary, the other with the *Fairway and Hazard* and W.A.S.A. Meeting. At the Parliamentary I saw Mrs. Douglas Fish win the scratch prize, after a tie with Miss Barnes Gorell, who was in the prize list with Lady Headfort at The Bystander Roehampton Foursomes. Mrs. Fish was not very happy with the putts, but she was playing all the rest of the game most excellently. Mrs. Hudson, who is a member at Wentworth, won the handicap Challenge Bowl with a 75 net, again after a tie with Miss Barnes Gorell, but the poor, unsuccessful tie-ee was at least allowed the Usher Bowl for handicaps of 12 and under, and Miss Cradock-Hartopp took the handicap aggregate. Lady Aline Vivien and Mrs. Allison won the Bogey Foursomes two up.

It was very interesting to see what a much bigger field could do at Wentworth the next day at the W.A.S.A. Meeting. Actually, they did a great deal better. For myself, I can only be frank, and own that it was one of those unlucky days which one sometimes spends, tramping miles, watching dozens of people destroy their chances, whilst the real winner slips round unobserved. After all, one does expect plus, or scratch, or one-handicap folk to head the scratch list, and not a six handicap. Of course, it is the greatest of fun when the top lights are extinguished, and the extinguisher in this case was Mrs. McLeod, who plays sometimes for North Hants and sometimes for Aldershot Command, but really has been playing nowhere this summer, because she has been abroad and ill. In particular, she was clearly mistress of the short holes, and since she never took three putts anywhere, there is no denying that her 78 less 6=72 thoroughly deserved to be at the head of both scratch and handicap lists. For almost everybody else seemed to be bewailing having taken three putts (or four) several times, or else having had a mad minute in some bunker or other from which they only emerged with double figures imminent. Miss Dorothy Pearson was second with 79, after a start which looked so wandering that she was one of the good players whom I quickly deserted. Mrs. Percy Garon putted beautifully, but seemed to be making heavy weather of the long game. Mrs. Clarke hit the ball an immense distance, but dropped shots round the green, and Mrs. George Coats, after going out splendidly, was one of the mad minuters whose end was "No return." Miss Janet Jackson, concluding her English season, played really well and looked set for a 77. But the seventeenth and eighteenth dealt her unkindly blows so that she was actually 80, but that tied for third scratch place with Mrs. Porter and won the handicap with 76 net, as Mrs. McLeod was not allowed to take two prizes. Mrs. Kugi, of Fulwell, won the Bronze Division Handicap prize after a tie at 78 net with Mrs. Trengrouse, of Burhill, so you see for once the Silver Division did very much better net scores than the Bronze, which always helps to make a meeting satisfactory. Not that anything was needed for that, since, with Miss Smith deserting *Fairway and Hazard* office for a day to run the Meeting, success goes without saying.

The next day I was at Beaconsfield for the Annual Meeting of the Lady Golfer's Club, which has been transferred from spring to autumn. I had just as unlucky a day as regards picking winners as at Wentworth. I would have been prepared to put all I possessed on Miss Kathleen Garnham walking off with the scratch prize, yet neither she nor anyone else I could find admitted that they were playing even passable golf. And I could see that they spoke the truth. Mrs. Arnot, the ex-Veteran Champion, was a cheering exception, but she broke down at the seventeenth, and actually the scratch prize went to Miss Benton, with 90, who had been one of the players who had given no hint of being in winning vein. The handicap Challenge Bowl went to Mrs. Lewis Smith, and the afternoon greensomes to Mrs. Edlin and Mrs. Brindle. Miss Hyde was the winner of the Challenge Shield of the Medal winners of 1932.

Yours ever, Eleanor E. Helme.

Left: Mrs. F. Harris and Mrs. M. Newham. Below, left: Mrs. O'Neil Butler and Miss A. de Montmorency. Below: Mrs. F. M. Selson, and Mrs. Lola Wilson; and below, right, Mrs. A. L. Stanley and Mrs. Cook, all competitors at Wentworth

Wentworth Ho! The "Fairway and Hazard" and W.A.S.A. Meeting

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G. A. Ellison, President of the Oxford University Boat Club, assists in opening the sluices of Iffley Lock, Oxford, to enable the Trial Eight crew, which he is at present coaching, to go through the lock

Sport with the

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

In the County Championship match at Richmond, Middlesex beat Surrey by nineteen points to three. The photograph shows an incident when the ball was being given plenty of air. The Surrey defence was not too good

THERE is a spot of bother coming over International qualifications in the Rugby football world. I have heard eminent persons suggest that the Welsh authorities have been guilty of poaching, or, at least, of trying to bind promising young players to Wales by offering them places in their Trial matches.

Ten days ago Wales held their first Rugby trial—very early in the season it was for a trial match. And they asked two youngsters to take part who had the most slender of qualifications. They had, these two, both played for the Welsh Secondary Schools, and in Wales that is thought to be a qualification, despite the fact that one of these boys, I happen to know, was born in England of English parents.

I DON'T attach much importance to this particular incident, though it is raising considerable dust in Rugby circles. What it does do is to bring up the whole question of International qualifications—and when that happens Ireland are the only country who can afford to throw stones. Why, for example, did the English Selectors pick A. Vaughan-Jones for England last year, when Vaughan-Jones was as Welsh as his name? Why did the Scotsmen choose A. C. Wallace, an Australian born and bred, and George Aitken, of New Zealand? And how have certain South Africans found their way into the English team?

It 's all very stupid, to my mind, this grabbing of players. Even now there 's a discreet bother going on about Sergeant A. Boast, of the Welsh Guards, who is sought by both the Welsh and English Selection Committees, though he has already been a reserve for England.

IT is high time the International Board took action, and laid down a hard-and-fast ruling in the matter. My own opinion is that qualification should depend on parentage, and that a player's country should be determined solely by the nationality of his father. That would stop all the nonsense, and although it might mean that a player here and there might miss a cap when some other country needed his services, at least we should know where we stood. And International football is surely a complete farce unless qualifications are entirely rigid.

INCIDENTALLY, I 've just been reading W. J. A. Davies's book on Rugby football. It is instructional, and very well done, and Dave, if I may speak thus familiarly, has dedicated it to " Horsey " Browne, most gallant of forwards and best and cheeriest of companions. It was cruel that we should lose both " Horsey " Browne and Arthur Young when they still had so much to give the game, and there is no doubt that they were the outstanding personalities of post-war Rugby football.

ANOTHER book which has delighted me —I do most heartily recommend it to you—is L. N. Constantine's cricketing autobiography. Constantine is, to my way of thinking, the most glorious

The Countess of Harrington, seen above, photographed at the opening meet of the Quorn Hunt, at Kirby Gate, near Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire

Lid Off: By "Mark Over"

An M.P. After Bigger Game Than Politics

Captain Oswald Lewis (left), M.P. for Colchester, with Captain Murray Smith, who organised the expedition, photographed with their trophies of the chase in Tanganyika. The bag included two lions, two cheetahs, two rhinoceros, two buffaloes, and twenty-seven antelopes. The buffalo-head in the foreground is one of the biggest that has ever been shot in Tanganyika

Left to right: (back row): J. M. Nadeau (B.N.C.), E. R. Hopkins (Queen's), R. Black (Magdalen), G. C. Andrew (Balliol), E. A. McCourt (Merton), A. H. Humble (Worcester). Front row: G. H. Johnson (Wadham), J. E. Coyne (Captain; Queen's), and J. D. Babbitt (University), this season's Oxford University Ice-Hockey team, whose prospects this year appear bright. They were undefeated League Champions last year

cricketer alive, and everything he does is done at full stretch, with the fire of the game burning in him. You 'll find this book exceedingly well-written—here I detect the hand of C. L. R. James, a young compatriot of Constantine's, and a brilliant writer on cricket. Constantine takes a wholesome crack at body-line bowling. He regards the short ball as a legitimate weapon of the fast bowlers, provided only that the leg field isn't packed, and that the batsman is given a fair chance of hooking the bumpers. Pack the leg-field, though, says Constantine, in the Larwood manner, and you get sheer intimidation, and that is the ruination of cricket. Well, that 's interesting, and many will agree with him. But the book isn't all serious stuff, and I can't resist quoting the description given by one "Taffy," a Trinidadian groundsman, and a great character, of Constantine's amazing fielding at cover.

"When Mister (Constantine) fielding cover-point, they have no extra-cover and all that. He alone running up and down like if he is a motor-bike and stopping everything. So, sir, this day, Mr. Maurice Fernandes, great English batsman, came in. Edwin St. Hill bowling at him, sir, Mr. Fernandes playing his English forward-stroke to cover, and Cons. picking them up. He playing to cover, and Cons. picking him up. He start now to place the ball, but so he placing, so Cons. placing too. He can't get a run. Then a fellow get out or they bring water or something. Anyway—man, as if I am seeing it now—Fernandes, just before he settled down to face Edwin again, look over at Learie, and he see Learie talking to Ben Sealey at point. And as Fernandes look at him Learie bend over to Ben and pick up a piece of grass, playing with it. You know how a horse when his belly full does bend over sometimes and nibble a piece of grass? Well, just so. As if Edwin knew the thing, he pitched up the ball, on the off-stump. Fernandes push to extra cover, he bawl out 'Come!' and start running up the pitch. When he reach half-way he hear the other batsman telling him 'No! No! No! Go back, go back. Go back!' Then he turn his back and see Mister standing up at extra-cover with the ball in his hand watching him, just watching him. . . . Ah, me! Learie standing up at extra-cover with the ball, just watching him."

Taffy shook his head mournfully and heaved a deep sigh.

"And what happen, Taffy?"

"What happen? What does happen when the lion meet the lamb, brother?"

There—isn't that superb? And can't you see Learie Constantine covering that ground like a black panther, and then standing, with the ball in his hand, just watching the wretched Fernandes?

I MUST, finally, comment on the latest move in the Jack Petersen camp. There 's talk of matching young Jack with Otto von Porat, of Norway, and Van Goole, of Holland. I can't understand this, unless it 's a way of picking up easy money. Why match him with second-raters?

The Bacchanalians were beaten by Cambridge University by two goals to one at hockey at Northampton, and the picture below shows the two teams. Back row: C. J. Pritchard (umpire), C. E. N. Wyatt (C.), J. P. Thorp (C.), C. W. Mole (C.), N. W. Wakeham (C.), P. J. M. Harries-Jones (B.), C. G. D. Smith (B.), J. W. Naylor (B.), A. F. Skinner (C.), D. H. Shaw (B.), C. D. Terry (B.), E. E. Cæsar (umpire), J. H. Thursfield (Hon. Sec., "Baccs." and President Midland Counties H. A.), Middle row: A. A. Hood (C.), J. S. D. Whittaker (C.), J. B. H. Bisseker (C.), L. W. Lucas (B.), H. L. Halliwell (B.), H. J. Whittaker (B.). Seated in front: J. S. Maples (C.), P. J. S. Courtenay (C.), G. C. Marshall (C.), E. H. King (B.), R. W. Quaife (B.), R. G. Thomas (B.) Cambridge show great promise

Two Teams Who Cross the Sticks

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

The Amateur Question

G. R. A. Jamieson and R. H. H. McGill, two of the members of this year's Cambridge University Golf Team

A CORRESPONDENT has recently asked me for my opinions on the vexed point of the amateur status in golf. Frankly, I wish he had not, for this question seems to me to be one which should be approached with the very greatest care. However, in accordance with my usual practice of at least attempting to supply what my readers may require of me, there follow one or two views on the subject. But with this proviso: I should like my readers to remember that what I am now about to write is really more tentative than final. By this I mean that I would not like these views to be taken as my considered opinion; they are intended more as a sort of basis for discussion. What a perfect alibi!

WELL, here goes. In the first place, I am not at all sure that any revision of the definition of an amateur is required. It seems to me that there is no valid reason why the Championship Committee of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club should be at all worried on the point. After all, we are getting on very nicely as it is. There are, as far as I can see, absolutely no glaring examples of shamateurs at present playing first-class competitive amateur golf. I expect to be howled down over this, but I propose to wait until the howling is over and then to come back with this one: what harm is the person you are thinking of doing to amateur golf? I contend that he is doing none. And I will go further: I will say that he is not a sham amateur. He certainly does not exploit the game for the sake of money—and that is what it seems to me should be the correct definition of a "shamateur."

However, having said that, I do not see the necessity for any alteration in the existing definition, I do think that the Championship Committee ought to do something about it. This sounds a bit contradictory, but it is really not so. After all, the Championship Committee started this hare of an amateur definition; the Committee ought to kill it, and, in my view, two years is two years too long for the killing. I, personally, think—as I have indicated above—that two years ago when there was all that argument about the so-called necessity for a new amateur definition, the Championship Committee had only to say that there was no necessity for any revision and finish the thing once and for all. But the Committee took another point of view. It said, in effect, that it acknowledged the necessity and was prepared to revise the definition. After a year it announced to its members—and, incidentally, to the world—that it had not been able to arrive at a satisfactory definition, but hoped to be able to announce some decision in twelve months. However, those twelve months have gone by and the answer is still a lemon; in other words, no satisfactory decision has yet been arrived at. It would be very much better—and, I think, much more in accordance with the views of most golfers, amateurs and professionals, if, at the earliest possible date, the Championship Committee should announce that there is no need for any revision in the definition of an amateur.

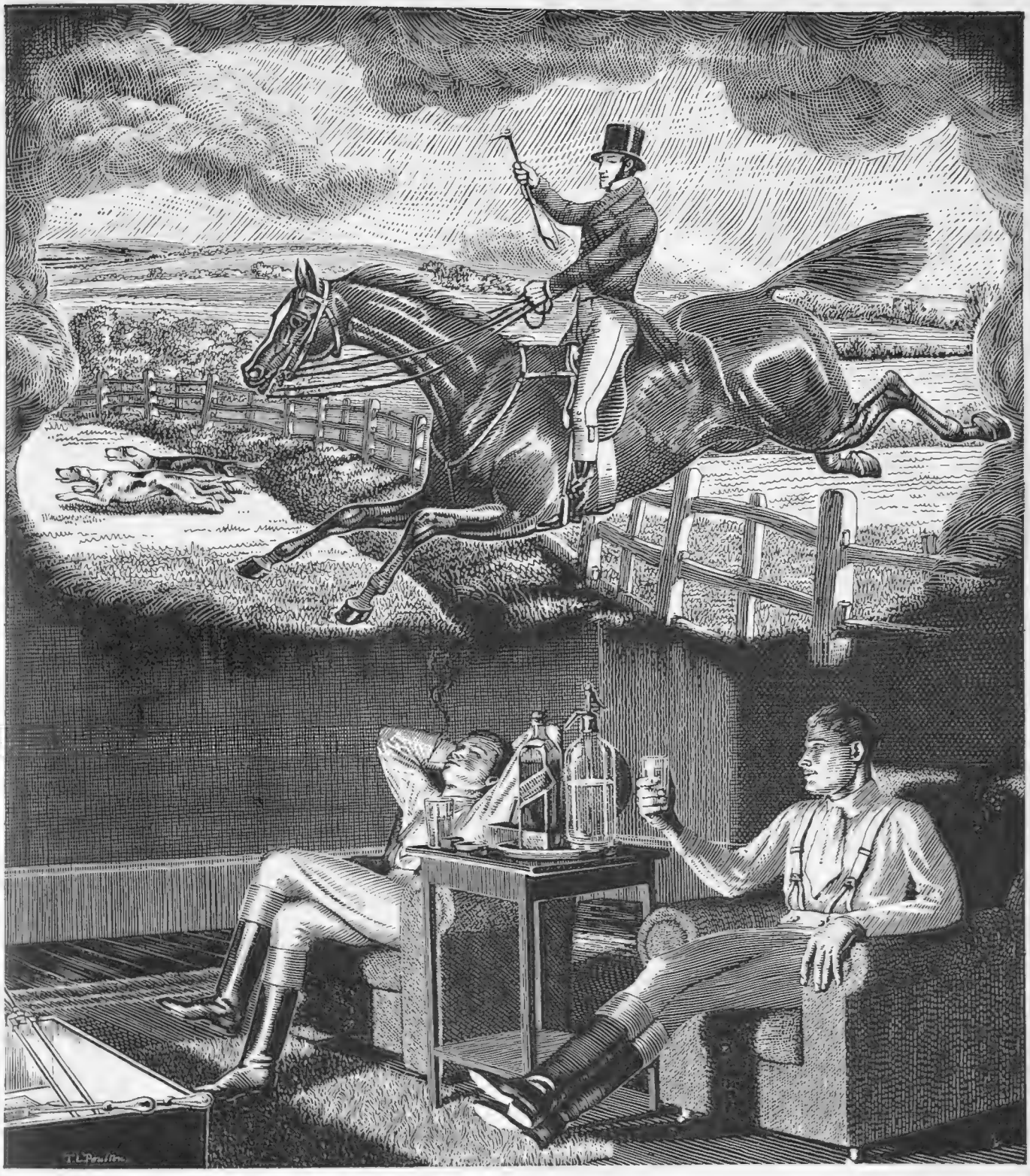
HAVING got all this off my chest, let me become a little fanciful for a moment. I was talking only this morning at breakfast (a most unpleasant habit—I am sorry!) to a friend of mine who is a very well-known golfer and authority on the game, and he put up to me an idea on this very subject which, at first, quite honestly, rather startled me, but which, the more I think of it, the more I like. He said he thought that in as short a time as ten years from now it was more than possible that there would be no amateurs and no professionals. He was not—as I at first feared—referring to another Flood or similar Act of God, but was merely stating that, in his opinion, there would be no definite amateur or definite professional among those playing golf. Instead of an Open or Amateur Championship, these two events would continue just as heretofore, excepting that they would be open to all, and the former would be referred to as the Medal Play Championship, the latter as the Match Play Championship. There would be no difference between the professional golfer and the amateur golfer, although a great many people might still play golf and earn nothing out of it, whereas others might depend for their livelihood upon their prowess.

THE point is that, at the moment, a young man like Jack McLean, who is employed by a firm which deals with sports goods, stands a very good risk of being barred from amateur golf, whereas the man with, say, £5000 a year, who plays just as much as Jack McLean, and, in addition, is able to take around with him his own masseur, is, according to the present definition, the most perfect and pure amateur that the world has ever seen. I contend that his presence in a Championship is just as unfair—if unfair at all—to the ordinary amateur golfer as is that of Jack McLean, who may perhaps have more facilities for playing the game because it is nearer his job than it is to either yours or mine.

This point of view is, I think, the strongest in favour of my friend's suggestion that there should be no amateurs and no professionals. After all, it does not change a man whether he makes his name by playing golf or whether he does not. Those who know him all agree that the average professional golfer is one of the nicest people that you could meet anywhere. There are, of course—as Archie Compston once pointed out on a most inauspicious occasion—a few black sheep in every calling, but I think that there are fewer amongst professional golfers than in any other section of the community. The average professional is a damn good fellow. Why should he be ashamed of making his money out of golf?

OF course, in point of fact, he isn't, and nobody blames him for doing it, but nearly everybody blames the unfortunate devil who is not very well blessed with this world's goods and who gets a job, perhaps, because he is a fine player. They blame him not only for turning professional—should he do so—but also for not turning professional—should he not do so. And I think it is absolute nonsense. There is a great deal to be said for this no-amateur, no-professional point of view, and I suggest that the idea is one which is worth considering very seriously, preposterous though it may seem at first.

Second from left: Lord de la Warr, the Prime Minister, Miss Kathleen Garnham, the Countess de la Warr, Brig.-Gen. H. Pritchard, C.M.G., Secretary to the Cooden Beach Golf Club, with Lady Kitty Sackville in front, on the Cooden Links, Bexhill-on-Sea



Though much has changed these hundred years and more, the shires still know the huntsman's horn. And still, when evening comes, the same square bottle waits to welcome and refresh. Johnnie Walker—

Born 1820 — Still going Strong

Johnnie Walker

"This Flying": By Capt. C. E. Ward

Travel and Adventure

In November, there is probably less flying in England than during any other month. The fog is with us, and only professional pilots or hardy and experienced amateurs take the air. It is the time for overhauling the machine and its engine; for calculating the costs of last season's flying; for a call at Stanford's or the "A.A." to replace maps by those that include the latest landing-grounds; in short, for reflection on how to get the best out of flying as soon as the weather improves. Some light reading being not out of place at this season, there are three books, recently published, which deal with some non-technical aspects of this flying business. *By Air* is a contribution from Sir Harry Brittain, who has travelled extensively and been associated with aviation from the days of ballooning. This book is issued by Hutchinson's at 12*s.* 6*d.*, and is very good value, illustrated by photographs taken during 30,000 miles of flying and containing many true stories of adventure by air. Sir Harry wrote an article on his flight to Cape Town and back for our last Flying Number, and his picture of Lord and Lady Bandon in the 'plane over the Sudan was considered one of the best amateur snapshots ever taken in the air.

The Flying Mail

"The Romance of the Flying Mail," by those old-timers, Harry Harper and Robert Brenard, is, as it is described, a romantic history of the air-mail organisation, particularly that which serves England and the Empire. The authors have intimate knowledge of the flying machine as a mail-carrier, Harry Harper being deputed many years ago by Lord Northcliffe to watch the new development for the *Daily Mail*, and he's been watching aviation ever since, whilst Robert Brenard was in the Royal Air Force and has been at Croydon, associated with Imperial Airways, for years. The third book, *Schneider Trophy*, by Wing-Commander Orlebar, gives one of those rare insights into Service life which are a pleasant antidote to unreal fiction about the work of the R.A.F. It is a chronicle of the 1929 and 1931 contests for the Trophy, when the author was in charge of our teams, and although written as a chatty diary, introducing "George," "Batchy," "Waggon," "Mitch," and many others known by nickname in the Service, it is the classic story of this great adventure.

"Aerofilms"

Sir Alan and Lady Cobham, with family, taken during one of those rare moments when the famous pilot is resting. In the midst of organising a big air tour for next year, Sir Alan Cobham has been flying the "Courier" which he and Squadron-Leader Helmore will pilot to Australia in the spring

Vicomte de Sibour (left) and the Vicomtesse de Sibour with their eleven-year-old son, photographed at Calcutta with the Count de Chasseloup (second from the right), flying a Dragon from Paris to Tokyo as an education trip for their son

Fireworks at Heston

It was a coincidence that Heston arranged a firework display during Guy Fawkes' week. The occasion was a show of parachute flares of a new type designed by Leslie Irvin, guaranteed to stay in the air and shed their glow long enough for the pilot to touch down. Every machine should be fitted with them as an insurance against a forced landing at night. Brian Lewis and Company organised the party, with the excellent eats and drinks that followed when the fog had doused the flames. Incidentally, his company is agent for the flares as well as for the life-saving 'chutes bearing Irvin's name.

Personalities

Charles Barnard and Arthur Dalton are moving to sunnier climes for the winter—to wit, India, where they are touring the country with an air circus. The veteran "Spider," which belonged to the Duchess of Bedford for some years and was piloted by Charles Barnard when carrying the Duchess to India and back in seven days and Cape Town return in twenty days, is to lead a formation that includes several Fox Moths and a Spartan. Indians have yet to experience the thrills of joy-flying, for apart from a tour by Neville Vincent and Guy Newall, describing themselves as the "Air Tramps," in 1928, nothing has been done to make them air-minded. An appointment of great interest to all who fly is that of Lord Wakefield to the presidency of the British Aviation Insurance Company. He has done more for amateur flying than any other individual in the country, and the alliance is a particularly happy one.

The Earl of Cardigan on Motoring:

Is the Pedestrian Really to Blame?

There is much talk nowadays of the recent increase in road fatalities, with the usual acrimonious discussion as to which class of road-user is principally to blame. Much criticism—in fact, far more than usual—has been directed towards the pedestrian, whose responsibilities are at last being generally recognised. The epithet, "jay-walker," seems to be ousting "road-hog" as the popular term of reproach.

It should not be forgotten, however, that there are two widely separate types of pedestrian, for one of which I, although speaking as a motorist, have a genuine feeling of sympathy. The cautious or nervous pedestrian has a great deal to put up with, and generally receives less consideration than he deserves either from motorists or from the public authorities.

Let us, for instance, take the case of a visitor to London who arrives at Charing Cross, and, having some time on his hands, wishes to walk up the Mall, and thence into Hyde Park. His first set-back occurs in Trafalgar Square. He wishes to cross over in a sensible and prudent manner from the east to the west side—but can we say that, within a reasonable space of time, it is possible for him to do so? Unless he dives underground, which he naturally objects to doing, I fear that we must answer No.

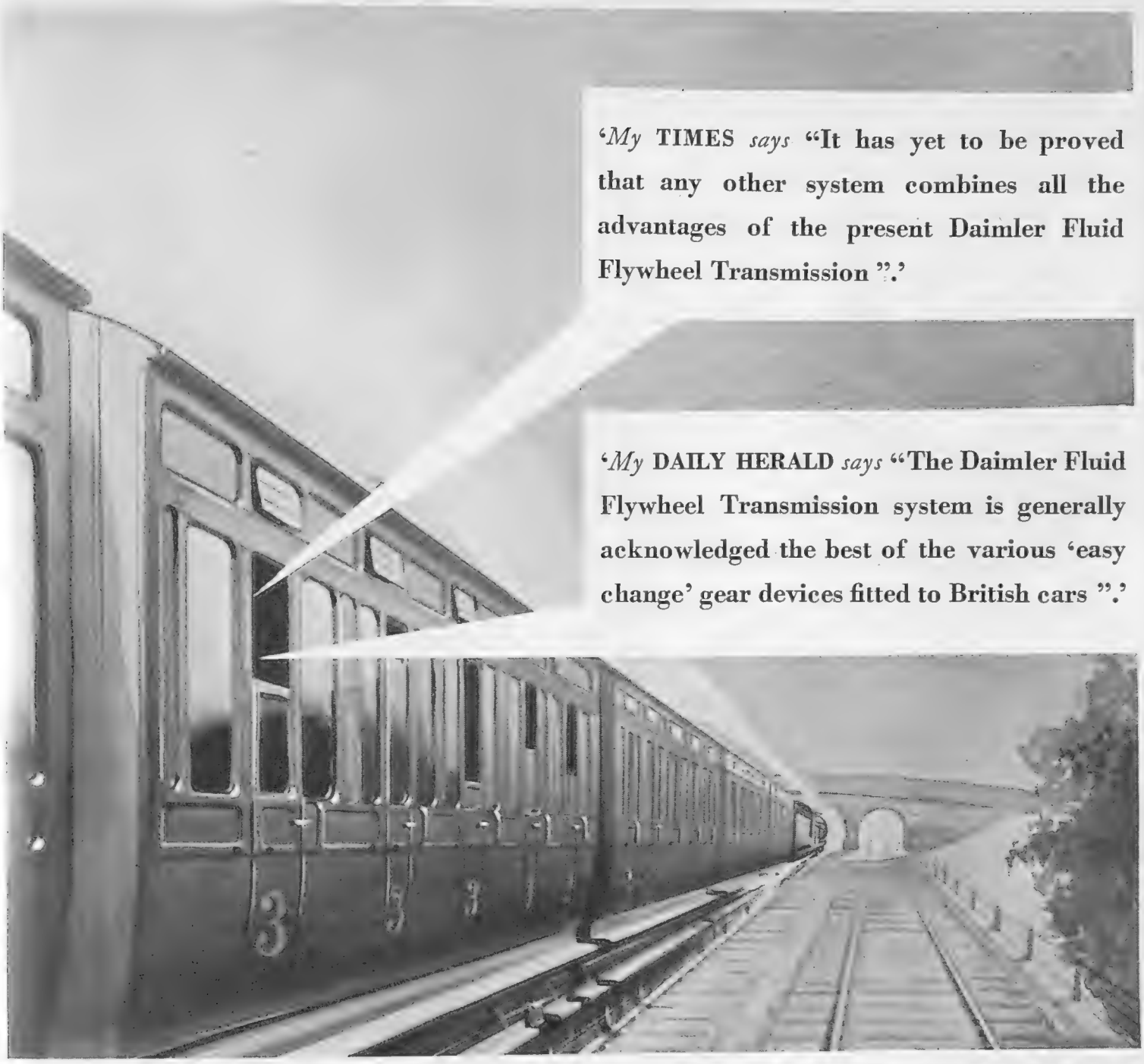
There is no doubt that one-way traffic, although helpful to the motorist, is exceedingly awkward for any pedestrian. Great streams of vehicles sweep past him, and he is further hampered by the scarcity of "islands," which might otherwise serve him as stepping-stones towards his destination. The speed of the traffic is high, and sometimes three or four lines of vehicles are driven abreast.

If our imaginary visitor, having survived Trafalgar Square, attempts the passage of Hyde Park Corner, going from south to north, the same problems will again beset him. Is he altogether to blame if, after being held up for many minutes at a stretch, he at last, when some sort of opportunity seems to offer itself, plunges wildly across, perhaps to the consternation of the one driver whose oncoming car he has not observed?

The second type of pedestrian, for whom I have no sympathy at all, is the person whom I always think of as "the sturdy Englishman." One can see, as he crosses the road, that he is quite determined not to be "put upon" by any mere driver of a motor vehicle. Well he knows that a road, be it a country lane or a London street, is still the King's highway, and that a single walker has just as much right upon it as a six-wheeled 'bus with its load of fifty passengers. Indeed, in the event of any collision between the two, he knows that the average sturdy British jury will look with greater favour on the former!

Having this idea firmly implanted in his mind; he "stands no nonsense" from any motorist. The surface may be wet and slippery; windscreens may

(Continued on page iv)



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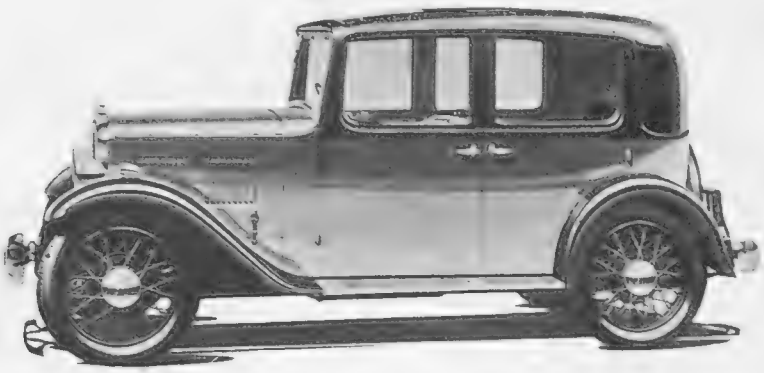
The Earl of Cardigan on Motoring

(Continued from page ii)

be fogged and streaming, but motor-cars have brakes, and they can—well use them when he is disposed to cross over to the far side of the street. As he steps off the pavement, his brisk stride never falters.

To my mind, there is only one method of dealing with this individual. That is to affix to the front bumpers of one's car a long, flexible hat-pin!

WHAT is really required in dealing with the whole pedestrian problem is some definition of the "right of way" to which either the motorist or the walker is entitled. It should be clearly understood, either through a legal code or by general consent, whether a motorist is always bound to give way to a pedestrian or vice-versa.



A picture of an Austin "Ten-Four" De Luxe Saloon which is listed at the very moderate price of £172 10s.

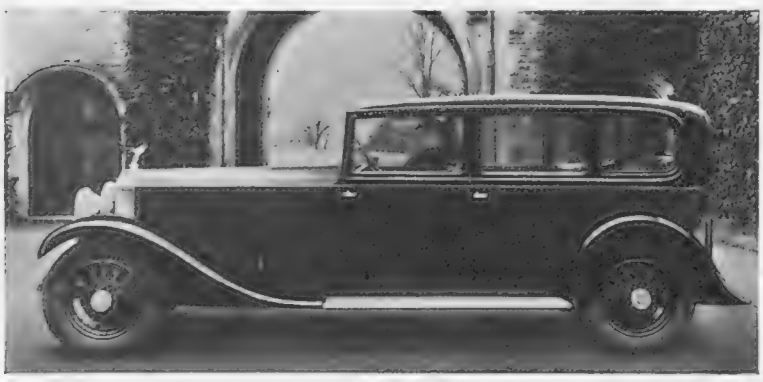
The proper arrangement, in my view, would be for the motorist, on all roads accompanied by footpaths, to enjoy a general right of way. The very existence of footpaths implies that the pedestrian, in such cases, is not intended to wander in the roadway. The motorist does not dare to drive his car on to the footpath—and I suggest that there should be a similar embargo against the walker trespassing beyond his own domain.

Where roads are not accompanied by footpaths, I suggest that no right of way should be enjoyed by either party. Both motorist and pedestrian should be equally responsible for the avoidance of accidents.

There remains, obviously, the problem of the pedestrian who wishes to cross over from one footpath to another. To meet this, I would suggest special crossing-places, clearly marked out by white lines or distinctive paving, in which the pedestrian should enjoy an extension of his right of way.

I AM quite aware that a similar, or apparently similar, idea is actually being tried out in many parts of London. White lines are being drawn across the road, and notices erected, with the polite superscription, "Please Cross Here." In this case, unfortunately, the trouble is that the pedestrians do *not* "cross here," nor is there any particular inducement for them to do so. I am not at all sure that a pedestrian between the white lines is necessarily protected from being "hustled" by oncoming motorists—and I am quite certain that a pedestrian outside the white lines loses none of his much-vaunted privileges.

Briefly, my proposal is, within certain areas, to strengthen the hand of the timid pedestrian to an unlimited extent, while placing a strict limit, outside such areas, on the complacency of the "sturdy Englishman" afoot. Until something of the sort is done, the mutual recriminations between the "road-hog" on the one hand and the "jay-walker" on the other, seem likely to continue—and, with the steady growth of traffic, to increase.



A Forty-Fifty Rolls-Royce limousine with a full-sized body designed by Messrs. Hooper and Co., Ltd., with accommodation for five passengers all facing forward. The price is £2490 complete

The Doggy World

Too Much or Too Little Exercise

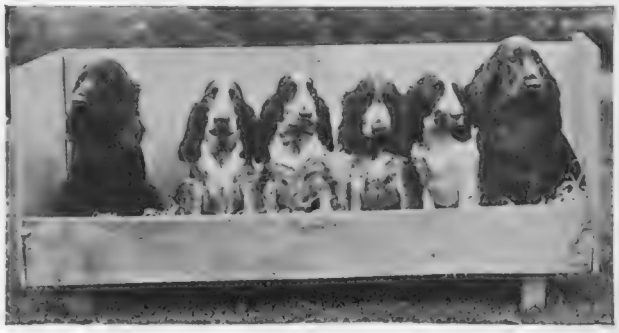
By Lady Kitty Ritson

I WONDER what is the percentage of letters I receive from correspondents about skin troubles? I should think about sixty per cent. Of course, it is very difficult to diagnose anything through the medium of the post, but in many cases—especially at this time of year—I know that the dogs are suffering from eczema. Admittedly it is difficult to differentiate between mange and eczema, and it is really essential to call in a veterinary surgeon so that he may make an examination. But you may take it more or less for granted that if you own a pet dog which lives with you in the house and accompanies you on walks or plays in the grounds, it is not very likely to get mange, for mange is a directly contagious disease. Eczema is largely hereditary, and Sealyhams and Scotties are very prone to it. It takes many forms, but, on the whole, the dog does not scratch much, but licks and makes running sores. It begins with a little roughness of the hair, and by the next morning there is a large, sore place.

Now, apart from external applications, you must always treat the disease internally, and you may find that your dog needs one treatment while your neighbour's dog needs another. Take stock of your dog. Is he too fat? Does he eat a lot of starchy food? Does he only have a little exercise? If such is the case, put him on to less food, give him more exercise, and give yeast at regular intervals.

But if the dog looks thin and seems languid, it may be that he is suffering from eczema because he is below par, in which case you must give him a tonic and feed him up. Give him an extra allowance of good, raw beef, and perhaps an egg a day, for a week, whipped up in milk.

A dog that yawns a good deal after a walk or towards the end of it is probably suffering from fatigue, and it is a funny thing, but it is not uncommon for domesticated dogs to be below par. No doubt, with old age, their system gets depleted, because one must remember that in Nature a wild dog of eight years old is very old indeed, and, in fact, would be too old to catch its prey. So our old dogs, who have



Cocker Spaniels owned by Mrs. Stonhouse Williams of the Glyn Kennels, Somerset. Cockers are extremely intelligent and some of the greatest favourites in the dog world

been kept alive by civilised means, need less exercise as they get older, just as we do ourselves.

THE very hot summer pulled dogs down, and the autumn is the time for them to put on flesh in preparation for the coming winter. All animals do this, and so it is a good plan to give your dog a simple tonic about this time of year and to increase his food.

I have just had personal experience with a case of eczema, and I began by exercising the dog more stringently than I was already doing. The result was that the eczema grew worse, for it was brought on by poverty of blood and not by over-feeding. Now he is being fed up and treated as a middle-aged gentleman—which he is—with excellent results. It is easy enough to tell if a dog is getting too much exercise, for if he returns from a walk lagging behind, it is a sure sign that he has had too much. He should return full of life, although more subdued than when he went out.

At this time of year, it is rather dangerous to give a bath, and it is better to treat the spots locally with whatever lotion or ointment your "vet." prescribes.

DELAY BALDNESS

A little ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL well rubbed into the scalp every day will promote the growth of the hair, it will keep it in perfect condition and impart to it a lovely glossiness.

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Special Autumn and Winter Terms from 21/- per day.

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The world-renowned NATURAL Mineral Water
Bottled as it flows from the Spring.

To avoid attacks of GOUT, always drink this NATURAL Mineral Water which is world-famous for its health-giving properties and is a recognised defence against this most distressing malady of mankind.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS may be taken at any time during the day, but it is most effective when drunk half an hour before the three daily meals.

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CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:

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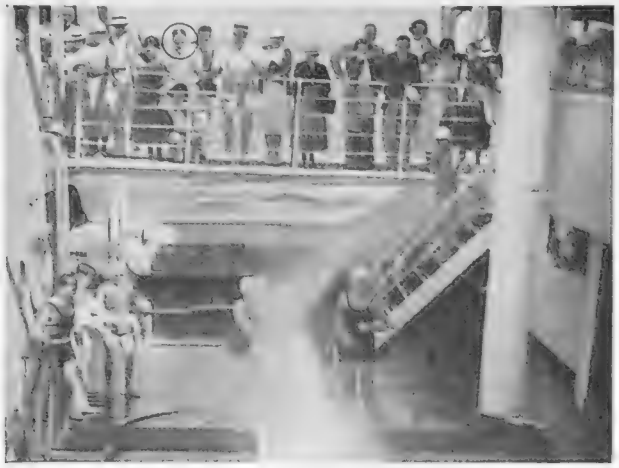

"The Bystander" Cruise

The nineteenth of the twenty "Bystander" Cruise photographs, taken on board the Red Star liner, s.s. Lapland, in which the passenger circled, when he discovers himself, gets a lucky guinea, if he writes in, giving his name and address

The Editor's Box

Winter Sports at a Glance

The booklet which Thomas Cook and Son issue every year on Winter Sports contains more information than ever in its 1933 edition. The choice of really good places to go for ski-ing, skating, and so on, increases every twelve months, but *Winter Sports*, which is obtainable at any of Cook's offices, keeps track of them all. The information given is definite and accurate—specific hotels are listed, with inclusive prices according to the route taken—and there are plenty of good illustrations.

One Correction—

In our issue of November 1st, we stated that Meriel Forbes-Robertson, whose photograph we published, is Jean Forbes-Robertson's sister. This is incorrect; Meriel is the daughter of Frank Forbes-Robertson, and a granddaughter of the late Norman Forbes-Robertson, and Jean is the daughter of Sir Johnston and Lady Forbes-Robertson.

—and Another

Also in our November 1st issue, we stated that the original of L. Campbell Taylor's picture, "The Sampler," which we reproduced, is in the collection of Lady Lever, Port Sunlight. Actually, it is in the Lady Lever Collection, both the Art Gallery and Collection at Port Sunlight being dedicated to the memory of Lady Lever, wife of the first Viscount Leverhulme, who died in 1913.

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful

By "Maquillage"

SENDING LOVELINESS TO "LOVELIES" . . .

Famous Beauty Preparations in Charming Cases—"Special" Scents, and Fragrant Bathroom Accessories are Happy Solutions to the Christmas Present Problem

SYLVIA IRONSIDE's charming salon, with its prevailing cool green and earth-pink decorations, has become one of London's famous "beauty spots" since, a little over a year ago, her encouraging "Credo," stating her belief that mere women can all be "lovelies," contributed definitely to the brighter—and younger—London movement. Already her wonderful treatments and the preparations in their green and silver "make up" are famous, and with the unmistakable flair for what women need and want she has solved the Christmas present problem with a series of irresistible suggestions. You can sit on a luxurious sofa, feast your eyes on beauty—in boxes, bottles and pots and tick off half the names on the list that looked so long!

First there are Beauty Boxes, decorative, in both senses, and eminently practical, which contain no less than ten contributive factors in the conservation and creation of loveliness. The neat little leather case is washable outside and in, and provides cleansing cream, two pots of skin food, tonic lotion and astringent, the famous "Magnolia," protective powder base lotion, which gives such a lovely surface to the skin, contains no powder and is not drying even to the most sensitive skin; also cream rouge, powder, nose cream and eye-lash cosmetic, in fact, a complete beauty outfit. There is a mirror in the lid and a little silver pocket serves the double purpose of holding tissues and cotton wool and acting as a pad to safeguard the glass and the bottles.

—All this for two guineas, while the attractive "week-end" gift case, of silver composition, is only half the price and contains cleansing cream and skin food, tonic lotion and powder, compact rouge, nose cream and foundation cream.

Sylvia Ironside's cosmetics are in an infinite range of colourings, to suit all types. Especially attractive are her new little lacquered lipstick-cases in different colours, containing the really indelible lip-rouge in every conceivable shade. These would be a welcome variation from calendars and so on in the "just a *tiny* gift" category.

Then there are the two perfumes, both exquisite in their totally different ways, one with an indefinable and distinguished freshness, without being sweet; the other a little heavier, but subtle and sophisticated. Such a relief from the recognisably familiar "well-known" and widely distributed essences! These scents are specially made in England to secret formulas, and the charming square bottles cost only thirty-five shillings. A large bottle of really beautiful design which would be a lovely possession, is four guineas. As there is only a limited number of these bottles their owners could—and surely would—have them re-filled.

Then there are the bathroom luxuries, soap and crystals, or feathered bath salts, and dusting powder to blend in a new and delicious floral perfume. The famous pale-green tone reappears in the soap and water-softeners. The soap, three tablets in silver box, is really a delightful toilet article and lathers even in the hardest water. A box of the large bath-size tablets costs four shillings, and the hand-size three shillings.

If you cannot find something at Sylvia Ironside's which it would be blessed both to give and to receive, you and your friends must be particularly hard to please.

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competitions

Fifteen spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each winter month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From April to September, inclusive, thirty spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Full particulars will be sent on application.

October Monthly Medal Results

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course	Strokes above or below S. S.
Miss M. Bicket	Bramhall	79	18	66	75	9 below
Miss K. Ogden	Ringway	71	5	66	74	8 "
Miss Wootton	Trentham	85	18	67	75	8 "
Mrs. Ward Dawe	Harborne	81	12	69	76	7 "
Miss E. Black	Shrewsbury	81	12	69	75	6 "
Mrs. G. Steele	Irvine	88	17	71	77	6 "
Mrs. H. Wardale	Gosforth	80	9	71	76	5 "
Miss Ruth Hadfield	Bramhall	82	12	70	75	5 "
Miss V. Pearson	Harrogate	83	14	69	74	5 "
Mrs. H. N. Giles	Shrewsbury	85	15	70	76	5 "
Mrs. A. P. Cowper	Northenden	86	16	70	75	5 "
Mrs. Ian R. Spark	Wollaton Park	86	17	69	74	5 "
Mrs. Lenton	Coventry	86	17	69	74	5 "
Miss Marjorie Lomax	Blackpool North Shore	86	17	69	74	5 "
Mrs. E. E. Baskcomb	Cleethorpes	74	6	68	72	4 "

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Jones	Ashburnham	88	24	64	74	10 below
Miss Irene Wells	Moor Park	98	33	65	75	10 "
Miss Ursula Megson	Hale	90	27	63	72	9 "
Miss E. Galeway	Whitby	92	32	60	69	9 below
Miss M. Dartnell	North Hants	102	36	66	75	9 "
Mrs. A. M. Stokes	Sherwood Forest	103	36	67	76	9 "
Mrs V. Harrison	Huyton	100	36	64	73	9 "
Mrs. K. M. Hadrill	Prestbury & Upton	95	26	69	77	8 "
Miss Brydon	Arbroath	96	29	66	74	8 "
Miss D. Ingram	Moor Park	104	36	67	75	8 "
Miss Phyllis Barnes	Ferndown	92	23	69	76	7 "
Mrs. Shadlock	Thonock	93	28	65	72	7 "
Mrs. Smithies	Blackpool North Shore	97	29	68	74	6 "
Mrs. McAnslan	Irvine	100	29	71	77	6 "
Miss M. Barnett	Sherwood Forest	103	33	70	76	6 "

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

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Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

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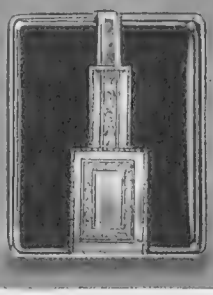
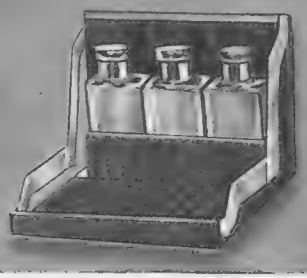


FB.116.— Very attractive Oblong **Powder Case**; shell effect with centre of engraved gilt. Charming gift. Size, 3 by 2½ in. **Price 10/9**

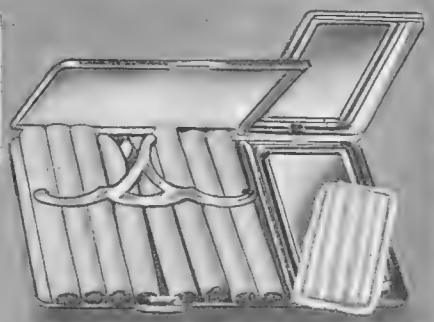
FB.113.— Latest novelty **Powder Box.** Lovely colouring and pictures of Watteau design. Size, 3½ in. diameter. **Price 7/6**

FB.120.— The new Oblong **Powder Case** with sifter and puff; very light and flat; marcasite motif in centre. Colours: black and white. **Price 15/9**

No. 112.—The Highland Laddie **Whisky Bottle Cover.** (Novelty gift for a man.) Red, tartan kilt and tam-o'-shanter. 18½ in. high **Price 21/9**



No. 118.—Ideal for travelling. **Leather Case,** containing 3 bottles (chrom. screw tops to bottles), newest spring opening. Case size, 4¼ by 6 in. **Price 17/6**



FB.122.— Attractive gift. Combined **Cigarette Case and Powder Case,** with puff and mirror. Size 4¾ by 3 in. Colours: White, black, red and black, black and white. **Price 15/9**

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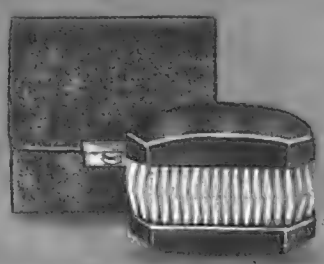
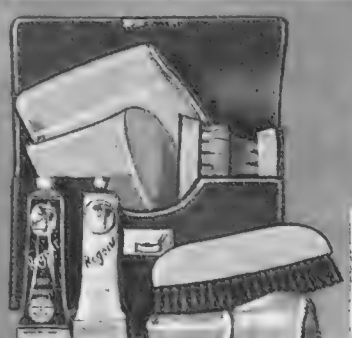
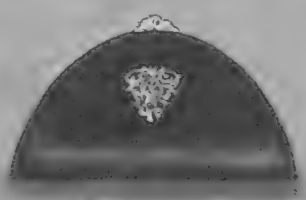


FB.130.— **Gent's Military Brush Case** in solid hide (brown or walnut). Contains 2 ebony brushes and comb. Size, 5½ by 5 by 1¾ in. **Price 7/6**



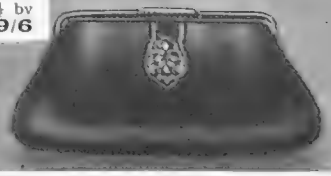
FB.135.— **Gent's Dressing Case,** in tan hide, with Zipp fastener and nickel fittings. Fitted soap box, 2 cases for shaving soap and brush, razor, comb, tooth brush, mirror. 7½ by 6½ in. **23/9**

FB.132.— **Shoe Toilet Set,** in hand-sewn solid hide case (brown or walnut). Contains polishing cloths, Silver pad, 2 shoe brushes, black and white creams, and a cloth brush. Size 7 by 5 by 1¾ in. **Price 6/6.** Smaller size, 5½ by 3½ by 1½ in. Contains 2 shoe brushes, polishing cloth, and a tin of cream. **Price 3/6**



FB.16.— "The Ritz." Newest model in black velvet **Pochette,** with handsome ornament and clasp of real river pearls and marcasite. Size, 6½ by 12 in. **Price 6/19/6**

FB.17.— For Smart wear. The vogue of the moment. Charming black velvet **Bag** with new crystalline and marcasite mount. Size, 7½ by 10½ in. **Price 99/6**



FB.20.—**Pochette** in morocain, with inner division, mirror, and puff case, with charming ornament of real river pearl and marcasite. Size, 4¾ by 10 in. Colours: black, navy, or brown. **Price 69/6**

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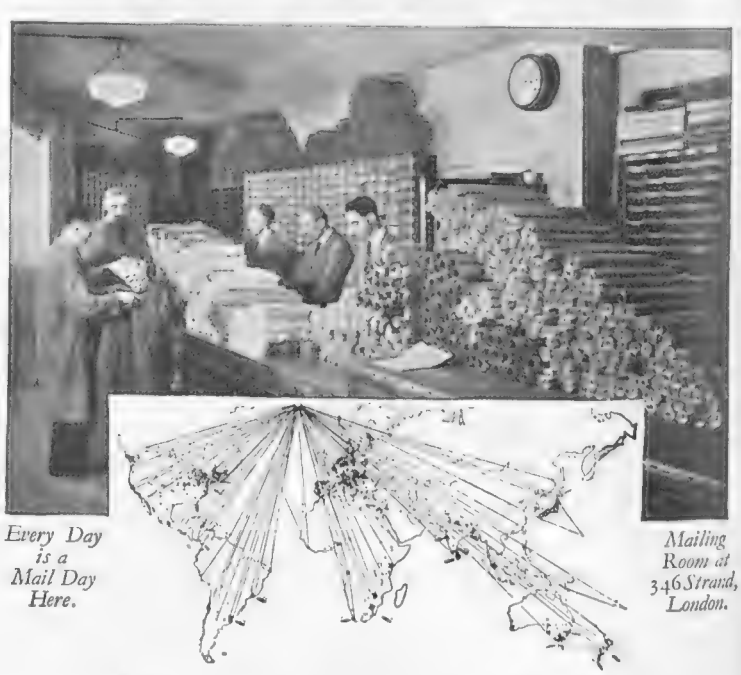

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"The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THEATRES

What Must Be Seen

THE DISTAFF SIDE.—Sybil Thorndike is the focal point in John van Druten's family portrait gallery; the talk, like the acting, is good and the story sufficiently interesting: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAY DIVORCE.—Fred Astaire comes back to London, with Claire Luce to back him up; they have Cole Porter's songs to sing: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HENRY VIII.—Charles Laughton as the King rather than the man this time, with Flora Robson as Katherine of Arragon: Sadler's Wells (except Mondays), 8; Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NICE GOINGS ON.—The best laughing show that 's on; Leslie Henson never gives his audience a solemn moment. Robertson Hare and Zelma O'Neal do their share: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NYMPH ERRANT.—Gertrude Lawrence from start to finish: if you like her, you 'll like this. Cole Porter's music again, and a super-Cochran cast and setting: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.—A revival of Clifford Bax's play about that so-fashionable monarch, Henry VIII., with Frank Vosper again as the King: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SHEPPEY.—How the twentieth-century would react to Christianity's precepts too literally obeyed, set out with all Somerset Maugham's wit and satire; Ralph Richardson superb as Sheppey: Wyndham's, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN.—Robert Donat, Doris Fordred and Ernest Thesiger, a brilliant trio in James Bridie's play on the roundabouts and swings of heredity in a Scottish family: Piccadilly, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

What May Be Seen

AFTERWARDS.—Walter Hackett mixes crookery with farce, Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire and Gordon Harker topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

AS YOU LIKE IT.—Fabia Drake, Barry Jackson and Maurice Colbourne in the Forest of Arden: Phœnix (except Monday), 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BALL AT THE SAVOY.—Musical comedy on sumptuous lines, mostly imported: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BALLERINA.—Frances Doble as Varsavina, the dancer who thinks all well lost for her art: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE BRONTËS OF HAWORTH PARSONAGE.—Still more about the three sisters, with Catherine Lacey, Barbara Couper, and Joan White to play their parts: Embassy, 8.30.

COMMAND PERFORMANCE.—Ruritanian musical comedy, with better music and acting than comedy: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?—Lennox Robinson's idea of what an attack of Russian gloom would do to the Irish, results in light-hearted comedy: Ambassadors, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LADIES' NIGHT.—An Aldwych farce without the usual flavour; even Sydney Howard finds his famous hands rather empty: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MATERNITY.—Cathleen Nesbitt and Malcolm Keen in the English version of Brieux's powerful play: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT CLUB QUEEN.—Anthony Kimmins' new play; the cast includes Aubrey Mather and Betty Frankiss: Playhouse, 8.40.

PROSCENIUM.—Ivor Novello acts in his own play, all about actors and actresses in more or less private life, with Fay Compton, Zena Dare, and Joan Barry: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

SHAKESPEARE.—At the Chiswick Empire, 7.45.

SUNSHINE SISTERS.—The rather ugly duckling of the Novello trio of plays: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHAT HAPPENED THEN?—A mystery play with the mystery cunningly enough hidden to keep even experts guessing: Garrick, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Still There and Still Worth Seeing

AFTER DARK.—Nelson Keys, versatile and witty, as himself and a lot of other people, in a revue of gaiety and speed: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—The discovery of a lost masterpiece upsets Cedric Hardwicke and all his family; only Edith Evans and her Welsh accent remain more or less unperturbed: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

EIGHT BELLS.—A breath of good salt air, flavoured with a tang of excitement: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRESH FIELDS.—Lilian Braithwaite and Ellis Jeffreys inimitable in Ivor Novello's comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

GIVE ME A RING.—A musical-comedy that does just what you 'd expect, except that Will Fyffe and Flanagan and Allen give you an extra laugh: Hippodrome, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOW D'YOU DO.—The third edition of this gay and amusing revue is now on tap: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

MUSIC IN THE AIR.—All the traditional charm, light-hearted romance and musicality of the Austrian Tyrol, as a contrast for the sophistication and polish of Mary Ellis's delightful performance: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD OF BORDEAUX.—History burnished and subtly modernised to make one of the most successful plays of the year: John Gielgud and Gwen Ffrangçon Davies head the excellent cast: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TEN MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Robert Douglas in his original part: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHILE PARENTS SLEEP.—Anthony Kimmins' first play still raises a theatre-full of laughs: Kingsway, 8.40. Wed., Fri., Sat., 2.40.

First Nights

CABBAGES AND KINGS.—Cyril Maude and Eva Moore in the English adaptation of Forzano's play: Ambassadors, Nov. 21.

HAY FEVER.—Constance Collier in the revival of Noel Coward's comedy: Shaftesbury, Nov. 17, 8.30

PLEASE!—Beatrice Lillie's long-overdue return to the London stage in Charlot's revue: Savoy, Nov. 17.

UP IN THE AIR.—A new comedy: Royalty, to-night.

OPERA AND BALLET

BALLETS RUSSES.—Still going strong: Golder's Green, 8.0. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

OPERA.—A varied programme, mostly of old favourites at the Old Vic., 8.0.

CINEMAS

A CUCKOO IN THE NEST.—Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn; and the "Three Little Pigs" Silly Symphony: New Gallery.

ANN CARVER'S PROFESSION.—Fay Wray as an advocate, a new line in professions for Hollywood stars; Gene Raymond as her most interesting case: Regal.

DAMAGED LIVES.—This terrible and tragic film, presented under the auspices of the British Social Hygiene Council, is now at the Cinema House.

DICK TURPIN.—An English film of highwaymen, rescues, and oddsbodikins and all: Capitol.

GOING GAY.—The new British comedy couple, Naughton and Wayne, plus Magda Schneider: Plaza.

LA MATERNELLE.—Madeleine Renaud and some more amazingly good child-actors in an interesting French film: Academy.

MORNING GLORY.—As the stage-struck girl who fights her way to the top on Broadway, Katharine Hepburn gives a superb performance: Coliseum.

POIL DE CAROTTE.—Robert Lynen, the French child-actor, gives a pathetically moving and extraordinarily naturalistic performance: Rialto.

POWER AND GLORY.—Spencer Tracy and Colleen Moore in a film with a moral: Tivoli.

S.O.S. ICEBERG.—Leni Riefenstahl and some fine snow- and ice-scapes: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.—Charles Laughton and a cavalcade of Queens, under Alexander Korda's direction, produce a great English picture: Leicester Square.

THE WAY TO LOVE.—Maurice Chevalier, full of S.A. as ever, shows the way: Carlton.

MUSIC

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Felix Weingartner conducts Brahms, Beethoven, and Berlioz, Harold Samuel playing the piano: Queen's Hall, to-night, 8.15.

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Sir Thomas Beecham conducting and Nicolai Orloff at the piano: Queen's Hall, Nov. 16, 8.15.

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.—The Tchaikowsky "Pathetique" and Albert Sammons playing Bach and Mozart concertos; Sir Hamilton Harty with the baton: Queen's Hall, Nov. 20, 8.15.

MYRA HESS, HAROLD SAMUEL, AND IRENE SCHARRER.—With Sir Hamilton Harty and members of L.S.O.: Queen's Hall, Nov. 21, 8.15.

Recitals

EDWIN FISCHER.—Pianoforte recital: Grotrian Hall, Nov. 18, 3.15.

ELENA GERHARDT, the German Lieder singer: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 8.15.

HUBERMAN—Violin recital, with Maria Basilides, contralto: Queen's Hall, Nov. 18, 3.0.

ORLOFF—The first of his five Chopin recitals: Wigmore Hall, Nov. 18, 3.0.

DANCING

In the Restaurants

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Here the Southern Sisters provide the cabaret, and Lew Stone and his band the music from next Monday; extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Douglas Byng sings his "more sinned against than sinning" songs; dance music by Billy Gerhardi's band: extension night, Wednesday.

CHEZ QUAGLINO.—Mme. Alina de Silva in cabaret, and Van Straten's band: extension night, Wednesday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—"Les Girls" (New York Midnight Follies) keep on collecting new adorers; Jack Jackson's band.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Jeanne Aubert is here to entertain: extension night, Thursday.

PICCADILLY HOTEL.—Harold and Lola dance, so does Anita Lowe, and Virginia Perry sings; extension night and gala on Friday.

In the Ballrooms

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL DANCE: Grosvenor House, Nov. 16.

CONSERVATIVE BALL: Park Lane Hotel, Nov. 20.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

THE LONDON GROUP: New Burlington Galleries.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS: 5a, Pall Mall East.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT-PAINTERS: Royal Institute Galleries, from Nov. 17.

"SUNDAY TIMES" BOOK EXHIBITION.—Including first and rare editions, and a hundred years of best sellers: Sunderland House, till Nov. 20.

LADIES' KENNEL CLUB SHOW: Olympia, Nov. 21.

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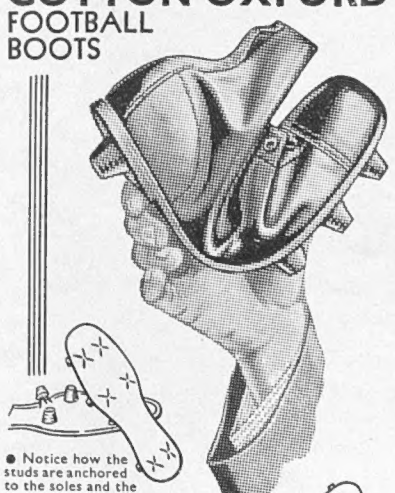

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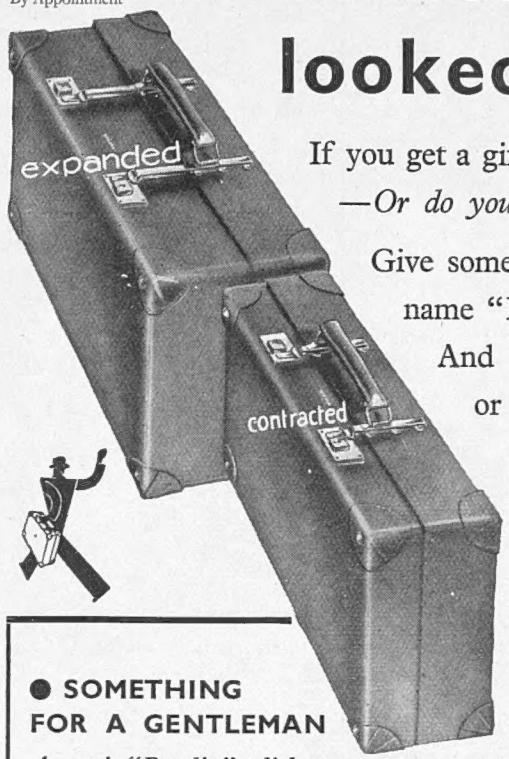

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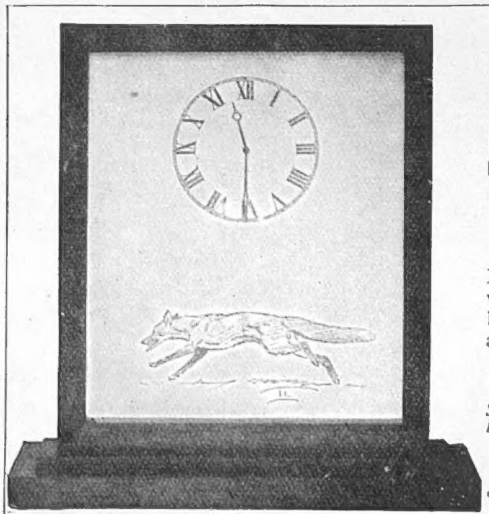

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Yes, that 's what she says. Yet she's only thirty-seven. Not particularly lined. But there's no life in her. No spring in her step. No sparkle in her eye. Her husband's three years older. But what a boy! The younger set include him in their parties as a matter of course. But she doesn't go with him. Feels more like sitting around with the elder generation, as a rule. Sometimes she says pathetically, " I suppose I'm getting old "—hoping that someone will contradict her—but nobody ever does.

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Why do men so often withstand the years so much better than most women do? It is, I think, because the average man learns to worship fitness from boyhood and takes his morning Eno as instinctively as he takes his bath—enjoying every day the sense of vigour his Eno's ' Fruit Salt ' gives him, by keeping his system regular and his blood stream pure.

But the average woman pays far more attention to cleansing creams than inner cleanliness. She lets poisons collect in her system—shrivelling her skin, sapping life-force. Oh, Mrs. Can't, do use your brains! How can you hope to keep young if you neglect yourself? Take Eno every morning! It 's never too late to begin. A regular course of Eno will always do wonders. Its action is perfectly gentle and natural. It contains no sugar to make you fat. No harsh purgatives to upset you. The healthiest people have trusted Eno for over sixty years.

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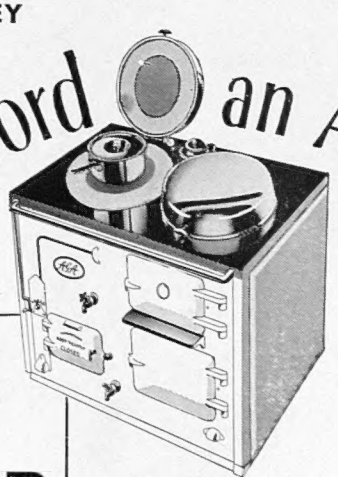

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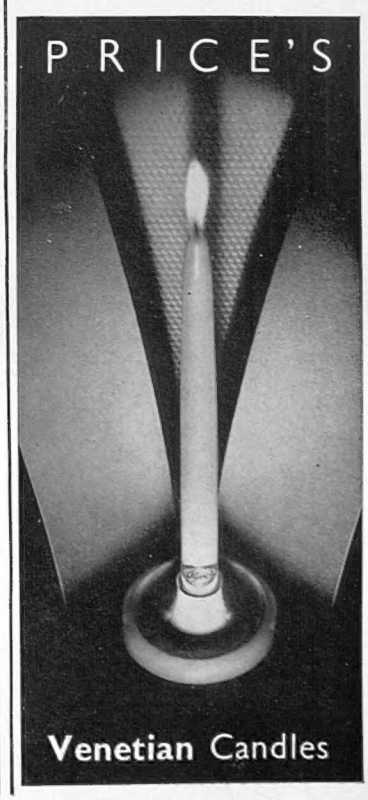

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